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THE
JONES
THIRD
READER

No 7599.284

3d Reader



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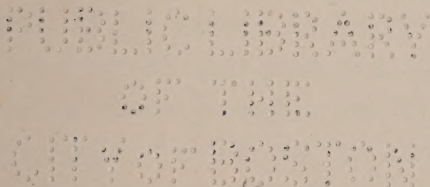
Ginn & Co.

THE JONES THIRD READER

BY

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INDIANA, AND CLEVELAND, OHIO



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PREFACE

THE chief value of a school reader lies in the quality of the reading matter which it gives to the pupils. The literature supplied in such books should be sane, pure, wholesome, and stimulating. It should present models of thought, examples of simple but heroic living, and in every way prepare the children to strive after what is worthy, rather than to drift in the direction in which a chance current of life may lead them.

When pupils have become somewhat familiar with the elements of the mechanical process of pronunciation, more attention should be given to the voice as a means of expression. Let the test of delivery in general be the expression of one clear idea with subordinates grouped about it, if the passage be short; or a succession of such ideas harmoniously related, if the passage be longer or more complicated. The study of appropriateness in delivery under this rule offers wide opportunity for the development of the esthetic judgment in both teachers and pupils. As the pupil's judgment improves he will gradually avoid monotony on the one hand and erratic emphasis on the other.

The selections from Sarah Orne Jewett, Celia Thaxter, Lafcadio Hearn, Lucy Larcom, Alice Cary, and B. Björnson

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STATE NORMAL COLLEGE, YPSILANTI,

June 1, 1903.

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Copeland.

Pennell.

THE

JONES THIRD READER

THE BRAVE FIREMAN

hotel'	cel'lar	calm'ly	al'ley
crushed	seiz'es	wrists	hoist
weight	hu'man	pen'du lum	ech'o

1. "Fire! fire! fire!" The cry rings up and down the dark street.

The great hotel is ablaze from the roof to the cellar. People are jumping from the windows.

2. There are firemen on the roof. One of them hears a noise just below. Through the smoke a man can be seen on a window sill. His face and hands are black with smoke. He is quiet and brave.

3. "Do not risk your lives to save me!" he says calmly. "You can't do it."

The fireman cannot reach him. Far, far below are the hard stones which pave the alley.

4. "Follow me!" says the fireman, turning to the four men who are with him. The roof of the next house directly across the alley comes close to the hotel window. In a moment they climb upon this roof. They creep along nearer and nearer to the man on the window sill below.

5. "Do not try to save me!" he says again. "When it gets too hot I will jump."

"No, you must not!" says the fireman, lying flat on the roof. "The alley down there is paved with stones. You will be crushed by the fall. Do just as I tell you and we will save you."

6. The fireman creeps nearer and nearer the edge. The four men who are with him hold his feet and legs so that he swings free from his waist. He stretches out his hands to the man below.

"Now jump up here toward me as far as you can!" he says sharply.

7. The man jumps. The fireman catches him quickly as he does so, and he seizes the fireman's wrists. They swing together from the roof, head touching head.

8. "Hoist!" comes the word to the four men on

the roof, but they tug and lift in vain. The weight is far too heavy. They cannot lift it an inch.

9. Sixty feet below is the ground. Beyond the swinging figures are black clouds of smoke and bursts of flame.

Hope seems gone. Back and forth, back and forth they swing. Then, like a flash, a thought comes to the fireman. He can swing the man up!

10. The men above creep nearer the edge, but they do not let go their hold. Wider and wider grow the great sweeps of this human pendulum, until it swings within their reach. Now they seize the helpless man by his clothing and both men are drawn safely upon the roof.

11. There they lie, all six, almost breathless and sightless, with their faces turned to the winter sky.

The noise of the street comes up as a faint echo; the spray of the engines falls upon them. The very roar of the fire seems far off. Gradually they become a little rested. Soon they are able to walk away and the man is saved.



A CHINESE BOY

shoes	mel'ons	Chi nese'	reeds
shaved	sug'ar	braid'ed	rib'bon
spoiled	re cite'	fire'works	sol'dier

1. I am a Chinese boy. I live in a house made of mud and covered with reeds.

It has a mud floor, and it is only one story high.

2. A small hole lets in air and light. A mat hangs across the door. Around the house there is a wall of clay.

3. Some houses are built of wood. Rich people often have very fine houses. They have beautiful gardens, with lakes and flowers and trees.

Across one end of our house is a mat of reeds. This is where we sleep. There are nine of us, but it is the only bed we have.

4. I live near a great river on which there are hundreds of boats. In these boats many people live. They have no other houses.

5. All my hair is shaved off except at the back of my head. It hangs down my back and is braided and tied with red ribbon. I am very proud of this braid. I would not part with it for anything.

6. We dress in long gowns with wide sleeves. We have wooden shoes which turn up at the toes. Our mothers and sisters have the smallest feet of any people in the world.

7. We cut our food into little bits and carry it to our mouths with two small sticks. We eat a great deal of rice. We like ripe melons and we always eat the seeds.

8. We play many games and have great fun. We have the best kites in the world. They are of many shapes. Some of them look like birds, fish, and animals floating in the air. On kite day nearly every man and boy in China flies a kite. My father and grandfather are fond of flying kites.

9. We have very beautiful lanterns. They are made of every shape and color. Some of them are shaped like men and animals, and some like ships. Some of them are made of paper and some are made of silk.

10. It is a law of our land that every one who goes out at night must carry a lighted lantern. Hundreds may be seen in the street at one time. Even a soldier carries a lantern. Once a year we have our Feast of Lanterns. Every one hangs a lantern before his door and all the houses are lighted. We have music and fireworks at the feast.

11. Every boy in our country goes to school. We study our lessons aloud, and often there is a great deal of noise in our school.

THE THIRD READER

When I know my lesson I take my book to the master, pass it to him with a bow, and turn my back to him while I recite. I do this so that I may not be able to see the lesson, which is in very large letters.

12. The first thing a Chinese boy must learn is to obey his parents. Even men and women must do as their parents tell them.

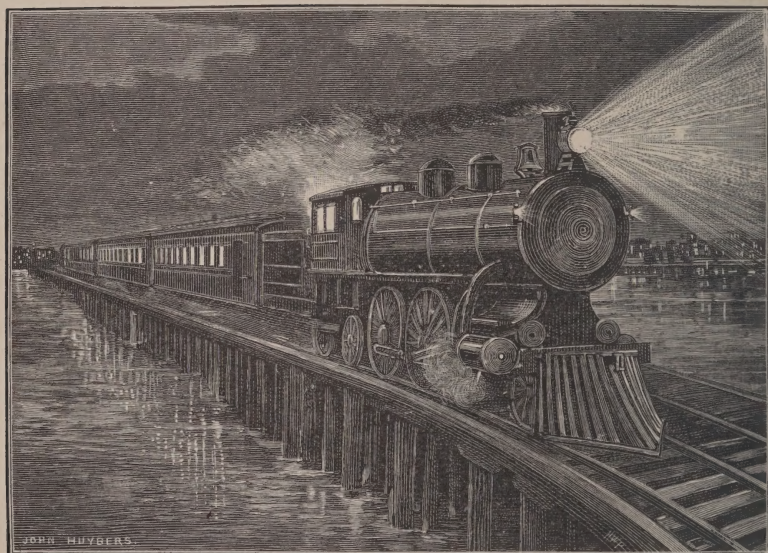
13. A white man, who came here to teach us about God, said that our country was the queerest in the world. It seemed to him that we did everything the wrong way. He said that our books begin where they should end and read backward; that our workmen should stand and not sit at their work; that when we enter a room we should take off our caps and keep on our shoes.

14. He must have come from a queer country, for he laughed when I shook my own hand. He thought I should shake his.

He did not know how to drink tea. He spoiled it by putting milk and sugar into it. We never do this, and we ought to know the best way to make tea, for it grows in our land.

THE LOCOMOTIVE'S STORY

ten'der	sin'gle	old-fash'ioned
mes'sage	be neath'	lo'co mo'tive



1. Puff, puff — pant — puff, puff! I have been working all day and all night. I am glad to stand still. I went through this town last night. You were asleep. I saw the lights in the houses go out one by one. Even the flowers were asleep. Only the river was awake. I heard her talking to herself in her low, sweet voice as I went by.

Don't be afraid of me. I talk in this way because I am out of breath. I have been running very fast.

2. We shall be off again in a minute. My master is on his way home to see his baby. I believe he thinks as much of that baby as he does of me. I cannot understand why he should, for the baby could not move a single car.

3. How do I work? I ought to tell you that we have a giant who does most of the work. You cannot see him when he is at work. We keep him locked in. He is playing now. Should you like to see him? There he is, down between the wheels, whistling and singing. Don't stand very near him. His breath is as hot as fire. He is a good old giant. He is always ready to work if you give him enough to eat.

4. His work is to push, push, push with all his might. That helps me to turn my wheels and pull my load. We carry his food in the tender. I call it his lunch basket.

5. I hear that we are growing old-fashioned, and that there is a new giant who can do our work.

I hear, too, that he does not need any tender, and that he lives in a wire over the cars or in a rail beneath them.

6. Some of the stories about this new giant seem very wonderful to me. I am told that he can carry a message across the ocean faster than a bird can fly. Perhaps this is all true. Still it is not wise to believe everything that one hears.

7. I have been told that sometimes this giant will not work at all; but when we think of what he can do when he feels like it, we can scarcely call him lazy.

8. My name is Locomotive. I am an engine, I know, but some engines cannot move a foot on the rails. I am proud of my long name.

9. Here comes my master. Now we are going. The fireman has been working all the time I have been talking to you. We keep him busy.

Hear me call to the flagman that we are ready to start.

Toot! toot! toot — toot!

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS AND THE OGRE¹

o'gre

squeaked

wick'ed

chaff

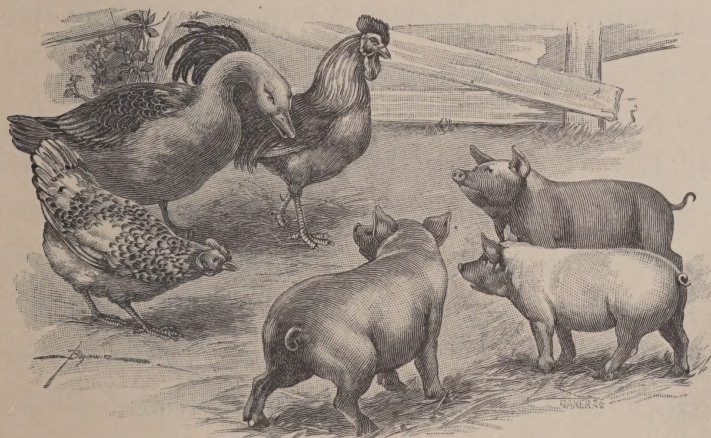
pres'ent ly

mid'dle-sized

fetch

sat'is fied

bar'ley corn



1. There were three nice, fat little pigs. The first was small, the second was smaller, and the third was the smallest of all. And these three little pigs thought of going out into the woods to gather acorns, for there were better acorns there than here.

2. "There's a great ogre who lives over yonder in the woods," says the barnyard cock.

¹ From "The Wonder Clock." Copyright, 1887, by Harper and Brothers.

“And he will eat you up, body and bones,” says the speckled hen.

3. “If folks only knew what was good for them, they would stay at home and make the best of what they had there,” said the old gray goose who laid eggs under the barn, and who had never gone out into the world or had had a peep of it beyond the garden gate.

4. But no; the little pigs would go out into the world, whether or no; “for,” said they, “if we stay at home because folks shake their heads, we shall never get the best acorns that are to be had,” and there was more than one barleycorn of truth in that chaff, I can tell you.

5. So out into the woods they went.

They hunted for acorns here and they hunted for acorns there, and by and by whom should the smallest of the little pigs meet but the great, wicked ogre himself.

6. “Aha!” says the great, wicked ogre, “it is a nice plump little pig that I have been wanting for my supper this many a day past. So you may just come along with me now.”

7. "Oh, Master Ogre!" squeaked the smallest of the little pigs in the smallest of voices; "oh, Master Ogre! don't eat me! There's a bigger pig behind me, and he will be here presently."

8. So the ogre let the smallest of the little pigs go, for he would rather have a larger pig if he could get it.

9. By and by came the second little pig. "Aha!" says the great, wicked ogre, "I have been wanting just such a little pig as you for my supper for this many a day past. So you may just come along with me now."

10. "Oh, Master Ogre," said the middle-sized pig, in his middle-sized voice, "don't take me for your supper! There's a bigger pig than I am coming along presently. Just wait for him."

11. Well, the ogre was satisfied to do that; so he waited, and by and by, sure enough, came the largest of the little pigs.

12. But the largest of the little pigs had his wits about him, I can tell you. "Oh, very well," says he, "if I am the shoe that fits, there is no use in hunting for another; but have you a

roasted apple to put in my mouth when I am cooked? For no one ever heard of a little pig brought to the table without a roast apple in its mouth."

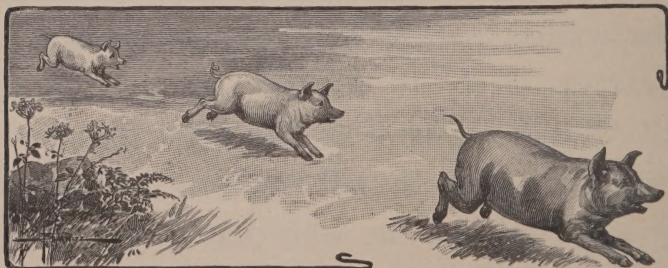
13. No; the ogre had no roast apple.

Dear, dear! that was a great pity. If he would wait for a little while, the largest of the little pigs would run home and fetch one, and then things would be as they should.

14. Yes, the ogre was satisfied with that. So off ran the little pig, and the ogre sat down on a stone and waited for him.

15. Well, he waited and he waited and he waited, but not a tip of a hair of the little pig did he see that day, as you can guess without my telling you.

HOWARD PYLE.





THE MOON

splen'dor

fan'cy

se rene'

O Lady Moon, how fair and bright
You make the dark and lonely night!
In splendor you go riding by,
Like some great queen who rules the sky;
And still it cheers my heart to see
The friendly way you look at me.

When in my quiet bed I lie,
I see you there, serene and high;
And though you are so far away,
I fancy I can hear you say,
“Dear child, sleep on without a fear,
For you are safe, and I am here.”

M. A. L. LANE.

WHAT MRS. SQUIRREL THINKS

hol'low throw'ing re peat'ed starve
 grave'ly whisked

1. The old apple tree in the corner by the lane is hollow. There is a hole in the trunk of the tree near the top. Here lives a little family of squirrels. .

2. One day Mr. Squirrel ran up the tree as fast as he could go.

"My dear," said he to his wife, when he was safe in the hole again, "I was afraid I should never reach home alive!"

3. "Have those boys been throwing stones at you again?" asked Mrs. Squirrel.

"Stones?" repeated Mr. Squirrel with an angry whisk of his tail. "They were rocks! they were as big as apples!"

4. "Rocks are bigger than apples," said Mrs. Squirrel. "Still, I must say it is a shame. You have never done anything to hurt those boys."

"They don't think of that," said Mr. Squirrel, who was really angry.

5. "And our dear little ones are not yet big enough to hunt for nuts," said Mrs. Squirrel. "They might starve if you never came home."

"Boys don't think of that," said her husband.

6. "You are so little, and they are so big," said Mrs. Squirrel.

"They don't think of *that!*" said Mr. Squirrel.

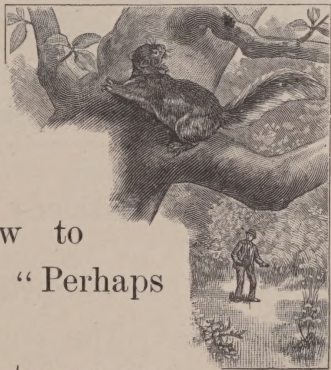
"Don't they know how to think?" asked his wife. "Perhaps they are stupid, after all."

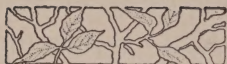
7. "They think it is fun to see me run," said Mr. Squirrel; "and that seems to be all the thinking that they are able to do."

"That is like a baby," said Mrs. Squirrel gravely. "It is very sad to grow up to be stupid. I am glad our children know more than that."

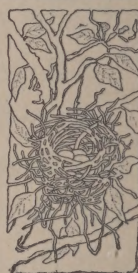
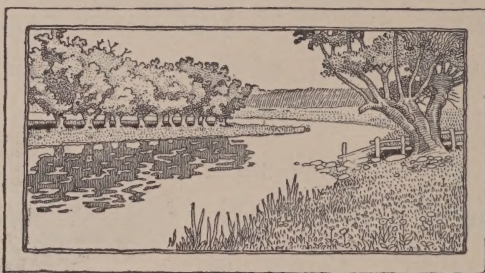
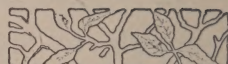
8. Mr. Squirrel whisked his tail over his head and took up a nut from a pile in the corner. But Mrs. Squirrel was not thinking about her dinner.

"Poor boys!" said she. "How dreadful to be so stupid as not to be able to think!"





SPRING



air'y

feath'er y

al'der

vi'o lets

It is Spring by the river;
The young willow trees
Send out silver pussies,
The children to please.

The alder is happy;
Her dress is of gold, —
Fine, feathery gold dust,
Too airy to hold.

It is Spring on the hilltop;
The grass is all green;
Her gown is a wonder,
So fresh and so clean.

Fair little Buttercup
Sits up in bed,
Pities poor Dandelion
With his gray head.

The clover is coming;
“Make room!” sings the bee.
Such a dear, busy world
Do we live in, you see.

The frogs and the birds
Are learning to sing:—
“Every one to his task!”
Cries the clear voice of Spring.

The sweet baby violets
Nod in their sleep;
Their work is all over,
Now to bed they may creep.

For the blossoms are flying,
And soon we shall hear,
“Springtime is going,
And Summer is near.”

FRANK AND THE SNAIL

1. One day Frank found a shell. He found it in the moss at the foot of a tree. It was very pretty. Frank did not know what kind of shell



it was. He ran to ask his mother if he might keep it.

2. "Yes," said Frank's mother. "You may keep it if you like. It is a snail shell."

"I never saw a snail shell before," said Frank. "I am glad I found it, and I will be careful not to break it."

3. Then Frank began to count the rings upon the shell. "One, two, three, four, five rings, and they wind round and round the shell."

4. As Frank was looking at the shell he felt something damp and cool against his hand. He could see the horns and the head of a snail pushing out under the shell.

5. "Oh, mamma!" cried Frank; "there is a snail in this shell. May I take the shell off his back?"

"No," said she. "When I gave you the shell I did not know the snail was in it. You could not take off the shell without hurting the snail."

6. "Then, mamma," said Frank, "I will keep the snail and shell in my little red box."

"No," said his mother, "you do not know what it eats. It would not like to stay in your red box."

"Then I will let it go," said Frank. "I think that is what I should like to have done with me, if I were a snail."

7. Frank's mother went into the house. She brought out a large seashell. It was red and brown and white.

8. "Do you like it as well as you did the snail shell?" she asked.

"Oh, yes!" said Frank. "I like it much better."

9. "Then you may keep it," she said. "As you grow older you will be glad to look at it; for you will remember that I gave it to you because you were kind to a poor little snail."

THREE BUGS

hard'ly	doubt	self'ish	fro'zen
with al'	strength	weak'ness	a gree'

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for *two*!
And one was yellow, and one was black,
And one like me or you.
The space was small, no doubt, for all;
But what should *three* bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you;
So the strong ones said, "We will eat this bread,
And that is what we'll do!"

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold;
So they all three fell to quarreling,—
The white and the black and the gold;
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And *one* was out in the cold!

So he that was left in the basket,
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a thread to wrap himself withal,
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew!

And so there was *war* in the basket,
Ah, pity 'tis, 'tis true!
But he that was frozen and starved at last
A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from *both* of the bugs,
And killed and *ate* them too!

Now when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree, —
The white and the black and the gold,
And share what comes of the beds and the
crumbs,
And leave no bug in the cold.

ALICE CARY.



DON AND THE MIRROR

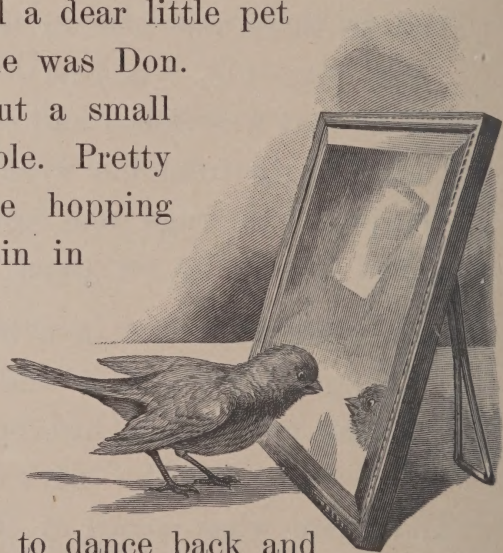
straight'ened	de cid'ed	tip'toe	fi'nal ly
sol'emn ly	puz'zled	mo'tion	stared
con fused'	mocked	mir'ror	set'tle
ide'a		force	

1. I once had a dear little pet bird whose name was Don.

One day I put a small mirror on my table. Pretty soon Don came hopping along with a pin in his mouth.

2. As soon as he saw his picture in the glass down went the pin. He began to dance back and forth, his wings drooping and his eyes shining.

3. How angry the other bird did make him! It mocked every motion he made. Once Don danced too far to one side and lost sight of the strange bird.



4. Then he suddenly straightened himself up in surprise. But he soon found the bird again, and then there was more fun for us.

5. At last Don grew so angry at the strange, silent bird that he could stand it no longer. He ran against the mirror with so much force that he upset himself. He got up, stood on tiptoe, and looked at the queer bird for a long time.

6. He next hopped slowly up to the glass and ran his tongue gently over it. Still he could not understand where that bird was.

7. All at once he seemed to have a new idea. He marched solemnly behind the glass and came out on the other side. There he found that queer bird again.

8. He was more than ever confused. He stood and stared, and finally scratched his head, as people do when they are puzzled.

9. He next flew on top of the glass and looked down in front and behind at the same time. This seemed to satisfy him that the other bird was not hiding behind the mirror.

So down he came and stared at that bird. He seemed to be trying to make up his mind what to do next.

10. At last he decided to make friends with the strange bird. He went up to the glass and ran his tongue all over the bird again, as if giving it the kiss of peace.

Then he whistled all his tunes one after the other, dancing and bowing all the time.

11. Then he ran off and picked up a bright pin and laid it before the stranger. He brought one after another till there was quite a pile of them.

At last I had to take the glass away so that Don would settle down in his own home.

12. He grew to love his friend in the mirror so much that finally I bought a little mirror for him and fastened it inside his cage at the end of one of his perches.

Don would sit there by the hour, talking, bowing, and whistling to his little friend. He was never lonely when the mirror was in its place.

A STRANGE PET

thir'ty

clum'sy

sev'en ty

re fuse'

dur'ing

mourned

1. I once heard of a family with a strange pet. It was not a dog or a cat or a bird. It was a tortoise that was believed to be one hundred and thirty years old.



2. A tortoise is a clumsy little animal with a thick shell on his back. He walks very slowly.

This tortoise was called Tommy. He knew his name, and followed any one of the family who called him.

3. Tommy and the cat were good friends. They would eat out of the same dish.

Tommy was very fond of green food. In his early days he had to be chained when in the garden, or he would eat any green thing he liked.

4. Tommy's chain was fastened through a hole in the back part of his shell. But Tommy grew to be so strong that he broke away from his chain by leaving a piece of his shell.

5. This broken place in his shell showed as long as he lived. A lady who was seventy years old said the broken piece looked the same as it did when she was a child.

6. Every year in October Tommy went off. No one knew where he hid himself till the spring.

Then a little heap of earth would be found near a hole about a foot across. Here Tommy had spent the winter. The hole was at least two feet deep.

7. If the winter was very cold, the tortoise would go down farther.

In the spring Tommy would always come out of his winter home. All covered with mud he would walk slowly toward the kitchen.

8. The family would welcome him and give

him his bath. Then he and the cat would be as friendly over their bread and milk as they had been the year before.

9. And so Tommy lived on for about one hundred and thirty years. How many changes there had been in the family that owned him during this time!

10. At last Tommy began to show that he was growing old. One October he did not go out to find his winter home. Even when a soft spot was dug for him in the garden he would not hide himself there.

11. He soon began to refuse to eat. All kinds of green food were offered to him, but he would not touch any kind of food. At last he was found dead in one corner of the kitchen.

12. One of the queerest things in Tommy's life was the liking he and the cats had for one another. The last cat who was Tommy's friend mourned for him for many days. She would paw his shell and sit by it for hours, refusing to take food. No one could doubt that she loved him very tenderly.



THE HOME OF AN ESKIMO BABY — I

Es'ki mo	Bo're as	Arc'tic
stretch'es	rein'deer	vis'its
hatch'et	cold'ness	suit

1. We shall call our Eskimo baby little Boreas. When his mother makes the hood for her reindeer suit she stretches it into a long bag that hangs over her shoulders. This bag is the baby's cradle. He is always to be found in it when his mother is out of doors or making visits.
2. Boreas gets very cold in an Arctic winter's

day. If he cries about it his mother will take him out of the bag and put him on her back under her coats. He will be held there by seal-skin strings which pass back and forth under him and around her shoulders.

3. At his own home the little baby rolls among the reindeer skins that make the bed. He plays with anything he can lay his hands on, from a hatchet to a snow stick.

4. When the Eskimo people come indoors they take off their outside suit and beat it with a snow stick, to rid it of the snow.

5. You think little Boreas must have a nice time rolling in the soft, warm reindeer skins. But when I tell you more about his little home you may not think so.

6. What do you suppose the father uses to make a house? The very last thing you would think of, I am sure. He builds his winter home of snow.

7. "But will not the snow melt and the house fall down?" you will ask.

Of course it will, if it gets warmer than just the coldness at which water freezes.

THE HOME OF AN ESKIMO BABY—II

ceil'ing	wicks	clam
drip'ping	soaks	sponge
re moves'	add'ed	bump

1. The Eskimos use stone lamps inside their snow houses. The lamp looks like a large clam shell. Moss found on the rocks is gathered and used for wicks.

2. At times it will get too warm in the snow house, and then the ceiling will begin to melt.

The mother will often make a snowball and press it against the point where the water is dripping. It soaks up the water like a sponge. When it becomes full she removes it and puts on another. Sometimes it gets soaked and heavy with water, and warm enough to lose its hold. Then down it comes!

3. The snow blocks of which a snow house is built are about three feet long, a foot and a half wide, and from six inches to a foot thick.

A row of these is laid in a circle. Then other rows are added, until the snow house is built.

The Eskimos make many of their houses just high enough so that their heads will not bump against the roof of the house when they stand erect.

4. The doorway in an Eskimo's house is very low. To enter it one must get down on his hands and knees and crawl in.

The door is a block of snow. It is used to keep out the dogs as much as to keep out the cold.

THE HOME OF AN ESKIMO BABY — III

pre vent' chinks af ford' how ev'er

1. A small snow house is often built in front of the door to prevent the wind from getting in easily. This little storm house is often full of dogs. They crowd into it to keep away from the sharp, biting wind.

The Eskimo dogs, however, will sleep on the hard, frozen snow banks without suffering greatly, if they have plenty to eat.

2. You see there is a good thick wall between

little Boreas inside his home and the cold weather outside. But where does the fresh air come from?



3. The cold air from the outside can pass slowly through the snow wall of the house. It comes in about as fast as the people inside use it up. They can warm it with their little stone lamps as it comes in, unless there is a strong gale of wind.

4. Sometimes the lamp gives out so much heat that the snow house becomes very warm. Then the heat rises to the top and cuts its way through the soft snow in the chinks of the snow blocks.

5. The little chimneys made in this way soon afford enough fresh air. If they give too much they are "chinked up" with a handful of snow.

6. Though you would not think this a very good house, little Boreas enjoys it. He gets used to the cold, and has great fun rolling on the reindeer skins and playing with his toys.

KATE'S LETTER

Hins'dale	bar'rel	yes'ter day
ex pe'ri ence	aunt	eight

HINSDALE, N.H., July 14, 1902.

DEAR SISTER GRACE,

It is a week since you went away. It seems like a year. I shall be glad to have you at home again. Do you like the sea? Is it as big as our pond? Please tell me about it.

The old cat has five little kittens. One is black and the others are gray. I have named the black kitten Grace. She has blue eyes, but she sleeps nearly all the time. The kittens are in a barrel in the barn. You will be glad to see them, I am sure.

Father drove the colt to town yesterday. This was a new experience for the colt. He did not like to go in the mud. He lifted up his feet very high to keep from wetting them.

I wish you would write to me soon. I miss you very much. Mother says you must not forget to wear your coat when you go sailing.

Please give my love to Aunt Kate and Uncle Ben. Mother and father send their love to you. Now I must go to bed, for it is eight o'clock. Good night, dear Grace. With love from

Your little sister,

KATE RAY.

GRACE'S REPLY

Maine blue'-eyed roar'ing
big'ger would'n't

YORK, MAINE, July 21, 1902.

MY DEAR LITTLE SISTER,

I was very glad when Uncle Ben gave me your letter. It seemed to me that I could smell the hay and the pine needles, and that I could almost see that blue-eyed, black kitten. I shall be glad to see the dear old farm again.

I am sitting on some great, gray rocks, and the blue sea is at my feet. It is very still today. The little waves creep softly up the beach. Sometimes they make a great roaring noise and wake me up in the night. Just as far as I can

see, up and down the shore, are those little dancing waves. And when I try to look across to the other side of the sea, the sky seems to come down to meet the water. If I should sail in a boat for days and days, still I could see only that line of sea and sky. So you can understand how much bigger it is than our pond.

I am having a very good time. Every morning we have a bath in the sea. What fun we should have if you were here! Aunt Kate says that you must come with me next year. Then you and I can play in the sand. You would laugh to see your tall sister making sand pies, would n't you?

I hope Grace, the kitten, will grow up to be a good cat so that I shall not be ashamed of her. Give mother and father a kiss for me, and write soon to

Your loving sister,

GRACE RAY.

SEVEN TIMES ONE ARE SEVEN

marsh ma'ry

for giv'en

pow'dered

cuck'oo-pint

lin'net

col'um bine



There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah bright! but your light is
failing, —
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in
heaven

That God has hidden your face?

I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow;
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones
in it, —

I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet, —
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

A LITTLE PRINCESS

prin'cess	Vic to'ri a	his'to ry
a rith'me tic	lan'guage	pal'ace
hol'i day	eight'een	pi a'no
king'dom	busi'ness	prayers

1. Princess Victoria was born May 24, 1819. When she was a little girl she was often called the little Mayflower.

2. She was not the child of a king, and she did not know that some day she might be queen.

She was very much like other little girls. She liked to play with toys, and to have gay dresses, and to run after the waves at the seashore.

3. Her father died when she was a baby.

The king of England was her uncle. He had no children, and Victoria's mother knew that when he died her little girl would be queen.

4. So the princess was taught all that a queen should know. She was taught to speak and to write French and German as well as English.

She was taught history and arithmetic. She was taught to sing and to draw.

5. Still more carefully was she taught to use her own language well.

Victoria learned to spend money wisely, to think before speaking, to be careful of the feelings of others, and to try to make others happy.

What else should a queen know?

6. When she was eighteen years old all the people of England had a holiday. There was a great ball at the palace. One of her presents was a piano from her "uncle king."



7. Four weeks later, very early in the morning, three men came to the door of her mother's house.

Every one in the house was asleep. At last the door was opened and the three men went in.

8. They were three of the great men of the kingdom.

They asked to see the princess Victoria.

"The princess is asleep and must not be waked," they were told.

9. "We have come to see the queen," they said. "We wish to see her on business. Even her sleep must give way to that."

So the young girl dressed as quickly as she could and came down to meet the gentlemen.

10. There were tears in her blue eyes when she was told that her uncle was dead.

She was not glad to know that she was a queen.

11. The men, so much older and wiser than the girl before them, stooped to kiss her hand before they left.

12. "I ask your prayers, gentlemen," Victoria said.

She was no longer a happy princess; she was a queen.

We know how hard she tried to govern her people justly. In every way she sought to make them happy.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT

steam'boat

fur'ni ture

pow'er

for got'ten

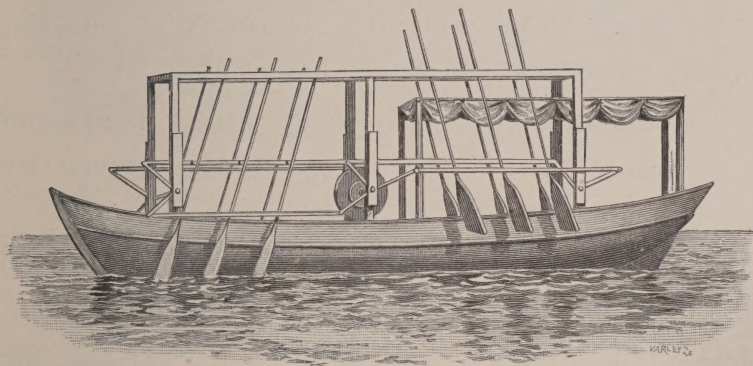
Ful'ton

pad'dle

im mense'

steam'ers

screws



1. Here is a picture of the first steamboat.

It was built more than a hundred years ago by a man whose name was John Fitch.

It was thought then to be very wonderful.

2. It looks like a queer rowboat. Its engine turned a small wheel which moved the oars. Six oars went into the water as six oars came out.

3. As Fitch was too poor to buy a good engine for his boat, it went very slowly. In fact, a man could walk as fast as this boat could go.

4. Some people laughed at Fitch for trying to make a boat go by steam power. They said his boat was not a very useful one, and this was quite true. But it was a great thing to build the first steamboat.

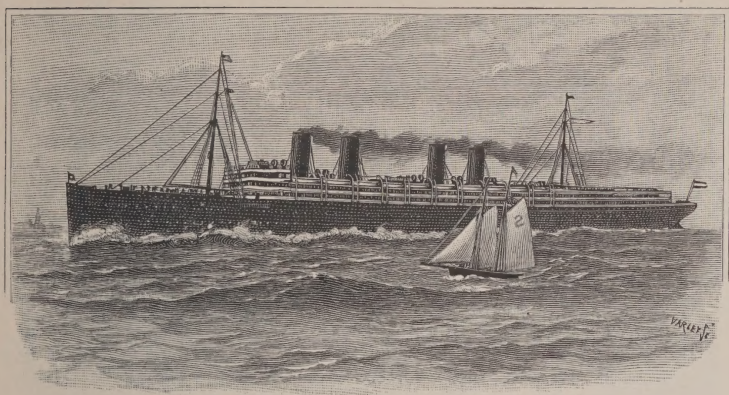
5. John Fitch and his steamboat were forgotten in a few years.

"Steamboats are only toys," men said, and they went on building ships to be moved by sails.

6. After a while a man named Robert Fulton thought that he could make a useful steamboat. He thought about it for a long time. At last the steamboat was built, and in it was a fine engine which had been brought from England.

7. The engine moved paddle wheels instead of oars. Though the boat was small and clumsy it looked like the side-wheel steamers we see to-day.

8. Fulton named his boat the "Clermont." He made a trial trip in it from New York to Albany and found that it would travel five miles an hour. The banks of the river were lined with



people who were eager to see the new boat. Before long many such steamboats were in use.

9. Now our steamboats are like beautiful floating houses. There are so many of them that we forget how wonderful they are.

10. In some boats the engines turn great screws instead of wheels. Our ocean steamers are moved by these immense screws. An ocean steamer can cross the Atlantic Ocean in a few days. It has beautiful rooms and rich furniture, and it can carry hundreds of people. It is very different from the queer little rowboat in our first picture; but when we see one of these great steamboats we ought not to forget John Fitch.

THE FLOWER'S THANKS

glis'tened

dy'ing

shad'ow

light'ning

hushed

Au'gust

thank'ful ness

flash'es

beams

re ceive'

boun'ty



1. A little flower lay drooping on the ground under an August sun.

For days there had been no rain. The earth was dry and hard.

The little flower had held up its open mouth for rain, but no rain had come.

2. And now it was dying of thirst.

As it lay dying a shadow passed over the sun. The air became dark.

Heavy thunder rolled. Flashes of lightning chased each other across the sky.

3. The birds hushed their singing. The very leaves of the trees stood still.

At last two big drops fell at the root of the little flower.

4. A moment, and then the air was full of raindrops. They lifted the dying flower. They washed it, fed it, and brought it back to life.

When the sun broke through the clouds, two great tears glistened on the flower's little cheek. They were tears of thankfulness.

5. Then the flower lifted up its voice and said, "Thank you, raindrops, — good raindrops, — you have saved my life."

But the raindrops answered, "Thank not us; thank the clouds; they sent us."

6. Then the flower lifted up its voice and said, "Thank you, clouds, — good clouds, — you have saved my life."

But the clouds answered, "Thank not us;

thank the sun. It saw you dying, and called us from the ocean. The winds heard you sighing, and brought us here to help you."

7. Then the little flower turned to the wind and the sun.

The wind bent down to the earth, and stopped for a moment to hear its words.

8. The sun sent down its beams to receive the flower's message.

"Thank you, wind, — good wind," said the little flower.

"Thank you, sun, — good sun, — you have saved my life."

9. "Thank not us," said the sun and the wind; "thank the good God. He saw you dying; he heard your sighing; he took pity on you. We, sun and winds and clouds and falling raindrops, are only the givers of his bounty."

And the flower breathed a prayer of thanks to the great and good God.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

PETER JOHNSON'S BOOTS

for'tu nate

com'fort a ble

bar'gain

shrunk

1. Peter Johnson was a very fortunate man. He had a good home, a good wife, and a good pair of boots. He had worn these boots for years, yet there was not a crack in them, and they were quite comfortable.

2. However, as time went on, Peter thought less and less of his boots. Sometimes they seemed to him too square at the toes, and sometimes they seemed too pointed. At one time they looked too large, and again they looked as if they were too small.

3. "I think I shall sell these boots," said Peter one morning.

"And why should you do that?" asked his wife.

4. "Do you not see that the tops are too short?" asked Peter in return.

"But you said that the tops were too long," said the woman.

“Did I? Well, then, they have shrunk. I shall go to the city and trade them for another pair.”

5. So Peter took ten shining silver coins from his chest and set out for the city. He met a man carrying a pair of boots.

6. “How fortunate I am!” said Peter. “Shall we trade boots?”

The man looked at Peter’s boots. “Yes, I will do it,” said he, “but I must have three dollars besides.”

7. So Peter paid him three dollars and put on his new boots; but when he had walked awhile, they hurt his feet very much. Soon he met another man with a pair of boots, and again he proposed a trade.

8. “Your boots are not worth very much; you must give me three dollars besides,” said the man.

Peter knew very well that the boots he wore were worth little, so he cheerfully paid the three dollars, and took the new pair. But when he drew them on, they were worse than the others. He could scarcely walk in them.

9. "I shall be more careful when I trade again," thought Peter, as he limped slowly along.

Now he walked a long way before he met any one. The boots hurt him at every step, and poor



Peter was almost wild with the pain. At last he met a man with a very fine pair of boots.

10. "Will you trade boots with me?" asked Peter.

"I will sell you these boots," said the man.

Then Peter took out his four dollars. "Here is all the money I have," said he, "but I must have a comfortable pair of boots."

11. The man took the money, and Peter put on the boots. Now, indeed, he could walk. How delightful it was to walk without being in pain. It was like flying.

12. When he was at home again, he walked up and down the room until the floor creaked, and stuck out his feet as much as possible; but the old woman only sat and spun.

13. "Do you not see," said Peter Johnson, "that I have found a perfect pair of boots at last?"

14. "And they are not too narrow, or too square at the toes, or too short in the legs?" asked his wife.

15. "Oh, what questions!" said Peter. "It is as if they had grown on my feet! To be sure, they have cost me ten dollars, but they are worth every cent of it."

16. "Ten dollars!" cried the old woman. "You have paid ten dollars for your old pair of boots!"

Then she turned down the top of one of the boots, and there was Peter Johnson's name.

17. "H'm!" said Peter.

But since that day he has never found fault with his boots; and it is, indeed, a good bargain when one can buy contentment with ten dollars.

THE LIGHTHOUSE LAMP

bless'ing	a rose'	keep'er
light'house	dashed	plain'ly

1. The lamp lived in the very top of a big lighthouse. The lighthouse stood upon a small island far out at sea.

2. The island was good and gentle herself, but all about her were cruel rocks. Some of them lifted their dark heads far above the water.

3. In the daytime they could be plainly seen. But at night the boats might have sailed upon them had it not been for our good lamp.

4. In the lighthouse lived a man and his wife. The man loved his lamp. He gave much time to it, keeping it always bright and shining.

5. In return for this kind care the lamp burned with a clear, strong flame that could be seen for miles.

6. One night a storm arose. The wind roared. The waves dashed higher and higher, but the lamp burned on.

7. The lighthouse keeper spoke often to his lamp.

"Burn brightly, my good lamp. You and I may save many a life this night."

8. Still louder roared the wind. Higher and higher dashed the waves.

One wave lifted his head so high that he looked through the lighthouse window into the face of the lamp.

9. "Go out!" said the waves.

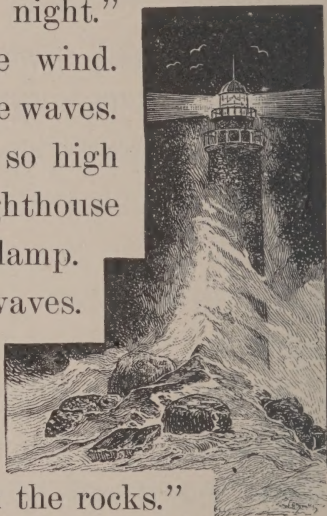
"Yes, go out, go out!" roared the wind. "There is a big steamer coming. I am going to blow her upon the rocks."

10. "Cruel, cruel!" cried the lamp. "I must save these poor people in spite of you."

11. The sailors in the boat saw the light.

"Oh!" said they; "there must be rocks near! See, that is a lighthouse!"

12. They turned the boat quickly from the rocks, and went safely on their way, blessing the lamp for what it had done for them.



FRANK'S KITE

cam'e ra	e lec tric'i ty	met'al
tel'e phones	mes'sen ger	plane
Mas sa chu'setts	pho'to graphs	hu'mor

1. "Come, Tom!" said Frank. "Do come up on the hill! I'm going to fly my kite."

Tom was busy making a boat.

"I'm too big to fly kites," said he.

2. "In China *men* fly kites," said Frank.

"I'm not a Chinaman," said Tom.

3. "Once there was a very famous American who flew kites," Frank went on.

"Yes, I've heard of Ben Franklin," said Tom with great good humor.

"I wish you would tell me about him," said Frank. "Did n't he try to catch some lightning?"

4. Tom laughed.

"Yes," said he, "that is what he did. Little was known in those days about electricity."

"I don't know very much about it either," said Frank. "What is electricity, Tom?"

5. "I don't know," said Tom frankly. "Nobody knows just what electricity is, but all of us know some of the things it can do. Franklin knew nothing about telephones or electric cars, but he had seen electric sparks and he believed that lightning was one form of electricity.

6. "One day he made a kite. He could n't go up to the clouds to find out about the lightning, but his kite could.

"'If lightning is electricity, I can get a spark from the end of the kite string,' he said to his son.

7. "Franklin made his kite of silk, and at the top he fastened a sharp bit of wire. The string was a common hemp string, and at the end he tied a piece of silk ribbon to hold it by, and an iron key. You know electricity is carried by metal and not by silk.

8. "In the next thunderstorm Franklin sent up his kite. When he held his finger near the iron key, a spark flashed from the key to his finger. Then he knew that lightning is one form of electricity."

9. "I wish that you would come with me," said Frank, after a minute had passed. "If Franklin could fly kites, I should think you might."

"Your kite is only a plaything," said Tom, who



was smoothing off the deck of his boat with a plane.

10. "Did you ever hear of a box kite, Tom?" asked Frank, who was now looking very wise.

11. "Oh, yes!" said Tom. "At Blue Hill, in Massachusetts, men send up box kites to find out if the air is hot or cold, wet or dry, hundreds of feet above the earth. More than that, these kites can take photographs! Isn't that wonderful, Frank? I have seen a picture which was taken by a kite seven hundred feet in the air."

12. "The camera was on the kite, all ready to take the photograph. Then the men sent up what they called a messenger. The wind carried this along the kite string until it touched the kite, when the shutter dropped and the picture was taken. In time of war, we could tell from these kite pictures when an army was coming."

13. "My kite is a box kite, Tom," said Frank with a funny little smile at the corner of his mouth. "My uncle in Boston sent it to me. It is like the kites the men use at Blue Hill."

14. Tom dropped his boat on the bench.

"Why did n't you say so before?" he shouted. "I never saw a box kite. Let us go and get it. How is it made? Is it a red one? Does n't it look queer without a tail? Is there a camera on yours? Perhaps we can take a picture."

15. Frank was running as fast as he could.

"I thought—" said he, quite out of breath, "I thought you said you were too big to fly kites, Tom!" But Tom was hurrying too fast to make any reply.

THE ROBIN AND THE VOICE

lus'cious

cher'ries

na'ture

con vince'

ceased

fra'grant

1. There was once a little robin. He had left the nest long, long ago.

He could fly very well, and he could find his own food.

2. He did not need Mother Robin to keep him warm at night, nor Father Robin to dig worms for him.

3. He was a very happy robin too. It seemed to him that the world had been made just to suit him.

4. He heard the old robins tell of luscious red cherries. But he was sure that nothing could be sweeter than beautiful blue plums.

5. He had heard the old robins tell, too, that by and by the ground would be white and hard. There would be no grass to be seen anywhere.

6. The plums would be gone. All berries and



good things would be gone, even the bugs and worms.

But he didn't believe a word of it.

7. Some silly birds had even flown ever so far away.

"We may waken some morning and find the summer gone," they had said.

"We will go while yet it is warm, and we can find plenty to eat on the way." Such silly birds!

8. From the day he was hatched he had heard the song that all nature sang, "God is Love! God is Love!" And ever since he could sing he had sung it himself.

9. He was sure that God would never send the cold to freeze the flowers and birds. What sort of love could that be, to freeze birds?

10. He did not tell any one his thought. All the other birds were sure they were right. He could never convince them that he was right.

11. He would just stay and see, and then they must believe him. He laughed softly to see how the flowers were tucking their heads under the fallen leaves.

12. But one day a strange thing happened to him. He was flying high in the air and enjoying the warm sunshine.

13. He heard a voice, a wonderful voice! It sounded far, far away, and yet it was near too! It seemed to come from the blue sky, and yet it seemed to be in his heart.

14. He knew that he must follow it, and it led him away, away, away. He could not tell where he was going. But he flew and flew, farther and farther.

15. At last the voice ceased. He heard only the old song, "God is Love! God is Love!"

16. As he flew down to the earth, he found all his old bird friends singing in strange beautiful trees—trees with yellow fruit and fragrant white blossoms.

17. He rested on a twig of these trees and sang the old song louder than ever before. And all the birds and bees and blossoms heard him.

18. But down deep in his heart he sang a new song. Shall I tell you what the new song was?

"God loves me! God loves me!"

LIONS

Af'ri ca A'si a cush'ions pan'thers
pos'si ble shoul'ders yel'low ish



1. Far away on the great plains of Africa and Asia lives the lion, the king of beasts.

He is not called king because he is wise, but because he is strong. With one stroke of his paw he can kill a deer, and he can carry off a man almost as easily as a cat carries a mouse.

2. Lions belong to the Cat family. In many ways they are like the cats we see every day. They have sharp claws hidden under soft cushions. They make no noise when they walk. They have sharp teeth with which they tear their food in pieces. They like to sleep through the day and to hunt at night. A lion will lie for hours by a

spring or river, waiting for the deer to come to drink, in the same way that a cat watches a mouse hole till the mouse comes out.

3. Tigers and panthers belong to the same family, but they are more cruel and treacherous than lions are. It is possible to tame a lion so that his keeper loves and trusts him; but it is never safe to trust a tiger or a panther.

4. The father lion is as long as an ox, but he does not stand so high. His head is very large, and his heavy mane hangs over his shoulders. When he is angry, his mane stands up about his face, his eyes flash fire, he shows his teeth and claws, and lashes his tail back and forth, while his terrible roar may be heard a great distance.

5. The mother lion has no mane and is smaller than the "king of beasts," but she is as fierce as he is, if any one comes near her little ones.

6. Baby lions are clumsy and playful like young dogs. They stay with their mother until they are about three years old. In color they are usually yellowish-brown or gray. Sometimes, when they grow up, they have black manes.

A STORY OF LONG AGO

I tal'ian	Cai'us	fish'er man
screams	earth'quake	wild'ly
tem'ples	vol ca'no	Ve su'vi us

1. More than eighteen hundred years ago, there was an Italian city near the sea.

The red roofs, the white and yellow houses, and the blue sea were bright against the dark green of the Italian hills.

2. Behind the city was a mountain. Once the mountain had sent out fire and ashes from its top.

"That was a long time ago. It will never happen again," said the men of the city. They were not afraid.

3. Sometimes a dark cloud was seen over the mountain.

"It is only smoke," said the men in the city. "It will do no harm."

4. One day it was warm and still. There was no cloud over the mountain. But a mist was over the city, and no wind blew.

5. "How warm it is!" said Caius, the fisherman. "I can hardly breathe."

"How strange the sea looks!" said another fisherman. "There is no wind, yet see how the waves run up on the beach!"

6. "It is too warm to stay in the city," said Caius. "I am going off in my boat."

So the two fishermen took up their oars and were soon out at sea.

7. "Look! look back!" cried Caius. "The mountain is on fire!"

From the top of the mountain came a shape like a pine tree. The trunk was black, the branches were fire!

8. The men could hear cries and screams from the crowds in the city.

Then came the crash of falling roofs. The city walls and towers shook.

"It is an earthquake!" cried Caius.

9. The cloud from the mountain came nearer and nearer. Something hot fell with a splash and a hiss into the sea. Again and again the sound came.



“Hot ashes!” said the men. “We shall be burned to death. Look at the great stones that are falling into the sea!”

10. It was quite dark. The boat tossed wildly on the waves. Strange lightning burned through the clouds.

The men’s faces and hands were burned with the hot ashes that fell upon them. It rained, but the rain was like mud. Once a flash of lightning lit up the whole sea.

11. “Part of the mountain has gone!” cried Caius. “It has fallen upon the city. We shall never see our friends again.”

12. It was too true. When the dreadful time was over, and the fishermen went back to their old home, no one came out to meet them.

A few were safe in the country near by. The rest were under the great heaps of ashes and stones which hid the place where once the city had been.

13. Years went by. Men forgot that ever a city had stood there by the blue sea.

Again houses were built close to the great mountain.

14. And one day, hundreds of years after, the buried city was found. The ashes were dug out of the streets, and to-day people may walk there.

There are the houses and the temples, the pictures and the halls, just where they were so many hundred years ago.

15. And still the great mountain behind the city sends up clouds of smoke. And still the little houses nestle at its foot, beside the blue sea, as if they had no fear of that terrible neighbor, the volcano Vesuvius.

THE DANDELIONS

show'er y	warn'ing	troop'er	bu'gle
in vad'ed	pa rad'ed	self'same	i'dly
vet'er ans	noise'less	laugh'ter	ne'er

Upon a showery night and still,
Without a word of warning,
A trooper band surprised the hill
And held it in the morning.
We were not waked by bugle notes,
No cheer our dreams invaded,
And yet, at dawn, their yellow coats
On the green slopes paraded.

We careless folk the deed forgot;
Till, one day, idly walking,
We marked upon the selfsame spot
A crowd of veterans talking.
They shook their trembling heads and gray
With pride and noiseless laughter;
When, welladay! they blew away
And ne'er were heard of after!

A QUEER DINNER—I

po ta'to on'ions cu'cum ber Span'ish
rai'sins Tur'key gin'ger

1. The dinner bell rang.

Every one was busy. No one came to dinner.

"I am getting cold," said the soup.

"How dull it is!" said the carving knife.

2. "Let us talk," said the bread. "We meet often but do not know each other very well."

"Did you speak to me?" asked the meat.

3. "No," said the bread. "I know you very well. You are a leg of a sheep. Only a few days ago you were walking about in the grass."

"Yes," said the meat, "and you were growing near by in the wheat field."

4. "Not I!" said the bread. "It is a long time since I saw the wheat field. I have been through the mill since then. That takes time."

5. "I came from under the ground," said the potato. "It is dark there, but I like dark places."

"So do I," said the turnip. "And so do those big onions over there."

"We came from Spain," said the onions.

6. A cucumber began to laugh. "Hear those onions!" said he. "They say they are Spanish onions. But they grew down in our field. I lay on the ground and laughed at them when they were pulled up yesterday."

7. "Leave the onions alone," said a bunch of raisins from a side table. "Look at me! I came all the way from Spain myself. We were fine grapes once upon a time. Then we were dried in the sun, laid flat in a box, and sent here."

8. "I came from Turkey," said a date with pride. "That is farther than Spain."

"I came from India," said a bit of ginger. He was thin and covered with sugar.

9. "I came from China," said a queer, dry nut which rattled in its shell.

"So did I!" cried a voice from the teapot. "Once I was a green leaf; now I am dry and brown."

10. "Hush!" said the salt; "they are coming. I could tell you my story if there were time."

"Tell it to us to-morrow!" cried the others.

A QUEER DINNER—II

com'mon

can'did

Eu'rope

mut'ton

juice

mo las'ses

1. The next day the salt began its story.

"I live in all parts of the world," said he.

"Yes," said the ginger, "you are a very common person."

2. "Thank you. You are candid," said the salt. Then he began again:

"Sometimes I am taken from sea water. There is a great deal of salt in sea water. When the pools on the rocks dry up in the hot sun, you will find salt left on the rocks."

3. "How strange!" said the potato politely, though the salt had often told him this story before. They were very good friends.

4. "Sometimes I am found on the land," went on the salt. "There are salt mines in Europe and in some places in this country. In New York, Michigan, and some other states there are salt wells."

"Indeed!" said the leg of mutton, who was

not very wise. "That is a fine story!" There is nothing quite so stupid as a cold leg of mutton.

5. "Listen to me!" said the sugar. "See how fine and white I am! Do you know what made me so? I had to go through black charcoal."

"And it made you white?" asked the date. "That is a strange story too. I grew on a tree where I saw many things, but I never saw anything so strange as that."

6. "Sugar cane grows in hot countries," said the sugar. "The canes are put into a mill and the juice is pressed out. Then the juice is heated; part of it becomes molasses and part turns into sugar. The sugar is never very white until it goes through charcoal."

7. "Is it wood charcoal?" asked the potato, who had been baked in wood ashes and felt very wise.

"No, it is bone charcoal," said the sugar. "It is made out of burned bones."

8. "Yet you are as clean and white as I am," said the salt. "This is a very wonderful world."



THE TREE

quiv'er ing canst lad'en boughs

The tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown.

"Shall I take them away?" said the frost, sweeping down.

"No; leave them alone

Till the blossoms have grown,"

Prayed the tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds
sung.

“Shall I take them away?” said the wind as he
swung.

“No; leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,”
Said the tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow.
Said the child, “May I gather the berries now?”

“Yes; all thou canst see,
Take them; all are for thee,”
Said the tree, while he bent down his laden
boughs low.

B. BJÖRNSON.



TWO BRIGHT LITTLE SQUIRRELS

au'tumn Nim'ble Quick'foot Sat'urday
scam'pered snapped store'house

1. One autumn day two little squirrels, Nimble and Quickfoot, ran up and down the big nut trees.

It was growing late in the fall, and they were laying up their store of nuts for winter.



2. "Come, Quick-foot, you know this is Saturday," said Nimble, "and the boys will be sure to go nutting. We shall have to be pretty busy to get our share of the nuts."

3. Quickfoot had his cheeks full of nuts; so he only nodded his head and shook his bushy tail as he ran down the tree to his winter store-house. He quickly dropped his nuts and dashed off again for the next load.

4. On the tree trunk he met Nimble and called to her: "Hurry, Nimble; I saw some boys coming with big bags. We know what that means."

5. Back and forth they ran in the cool, frosty air, working harder than ever.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Nimble; "the boys will find no nuts here; we have just cleaned this tree."

6. And, sure enough, when the boys reached the tree, there was not a nut to be seen.

"I do believe the squirrels have carried off every nut from this big tree," said one of the big boys. "It is a shame!"

7. Nimble and Quickfoot up in the tree tops had heard every word they said. They did not think it was a shame at all. They had been getting those nuts for their winter food.

8. "I shall set my trap this afternoon and catch some of those squirrels that steal our nuts," said another boy.

9. Nimble and Quickfoot felt a little frightened at this. "We shall keep our eyes open when they bring the trap," said Quickfoot; "we shall know enough not to be caught."

"Of course," said Nimble. 'Then they ran away to another tree and soon forgot all about the boys and their cruel trap.

10. By and by, while Nimble and Quickfoot were packing their nuts in their winter house,



the boys came with the trap. Not a squirrel was in sight when the wooden box was left near the nut tree.

11. All the boys had run away, when out came the squirrels for a trip to the next tree.

They scampered over the dry leaves, and were so busy thinking of their nuts that they forgot all about the trap.

When they came to the box, Nimble said:

“Oh, what is that funny thing? Let us look into it.”

12. O foolish little squirrels! Why did you not keep on with your work instead of stopping to peep?

They took a peep, and down snapped a heavy cover, and both little squirrels found themselves shut in tight.

13. “Oh, dear!” said Nimble; “this is the trap we heard those boys talking about.”

“Yes!” cried Quickfoot; “and we said we should not be caught; yet here we are.”

14. Poor little squirrels! They could do nothing but sit and wait, wishing they had not stopped to peep into that dreadful box.

15. A whole hour passed by and then another. At last the little squirrels heard a strange noise. Soon they heard some one say: “Now, here is Tom’s trap. I shall tell him not to set it again, for it is cruel to catch these little squirrels. The door is shut down, and I fear some poor little thing is caught. I shall look into the trap to see.”

16. The man quickly lifted the door, and out ran Nimble and Quickfoot as fast as they could go.

They had just time to hear Tom's papa say: "I shall have Tom burn that trap. He shall not use it again."

17. That night Quickfoot looked around at their store of nuts and said: "I think, Nimble, we have about all the nuts we can use for the winter. Suppose we let the boys have the rest."

18. "All right," said Nimble; "that man was so kind to let us out of that bad trap, I think we ought to thank him in some way. So we will let his boys have all the nuts on the other trees. I think myself we have been rather selfish."

19. The next day, when the boys came to the woods, all was very quiet.

Not a sound came from the tree tops; not a rustle could be heard among the dry leaves. The squirrels had kept their word.

The boys went home with their bags full of nuts. I am glad to say that their squirrel traps were never set again.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY

beau'ty

cyl'in der

boil'er

tank

pis'ton

driv'ing-wheels

ax'le

pi'lot



1. This is my engine. Is n't she a beauty? She is the fastest on the road. See how her rods shine!

I am very proud of her. Some men like horses and some like boats; I would rather have my engine.

2. Should you like to have me tell you about my engine? I could talk about her all day.

3. Her tender holds the coal. The tank is filled with water. The tank is in the tender.

The water goes from the tank into the boiler pipe. There the water is heated until it is made into steam. Then it goes into the steam chest and is ready for work.

4. I send the steam into the cylinder to drive the piston. It goes into the cylinder first at one end and then at the other. How fast it turns the wheels!

5. If I were to tell you the story of my engine, it would be like "the House that Jack built."

"These are the driving-wheels that make the engine go. These are the rods that turn the wheels that make the engine go.

"This is the piston that pushes the rods that turn the wheels that make the engine go. This is the steam that drives the piston that pushes the rods that turn the wheels that make the engine go."

6. If you will look at an engine, it will seem very simple to you. What is the sand box for? Do you see the pipe that goes from the box down by the edge of the wheel? The sand goes from the box down through that pipe to the rail. Then the wheels do not slip on the smooth rail.

7. Have you never seen men put sand on the ice, so that people shall not slip and fall? When the rail is too smooth the wheels turn and turn, but the locomotive does not go ahead.

8. Do you know what the bell and the whistle and the headlight are for? Perhaps you know why we have a pilot. What is it sometimes called? The little wheels are called the pilot wheels.

9. My engine does not look like the first locomotives that were made. They were not very fast.

10. All night men have been at work in the roundhouse taking care of the engines. Each nut, rod, and axle is in good order. You need not fear to ride behind my engine.



Blow high, blow low,
Blow east, blow west!
The wind that blows my boy to me,
Across the wide and lonely sea,
That wind is best.

Blow high, blow low,
Blow warm, blow cold!
O wind, you are so strong and free,
Blow my dear lad again to me
Before I am too old!

M. A. L. LANE.



PETRO

rag'ged Pe'tro dirt'y scrubbed
greet'ed sev'er al ear'li er
neck'tie for'tune

1. One morning, in the great city of New York, a ragged little newsboy was trudging merrily along with his bundle of papers.

2. He stopped before an open window, where a lady sat watching for him. "Ah! Here is my Petro," she said as he handed her a paper.

As she gave him the two cents for it he lifted his torn red cap and said, "Thank you, ma'am," in his bright, cheery voice.

3. Petro had sold a paper to this same lady every morning for many weeks. She was not able to walk at all; so she sat at her pleasant window and watched for her bright-faced newsboy.

4. Petro was a happy child, always laughing and showing the big dimples in his round cheeks.

I am sorry to say that he did not look very tidy. But then he had no mother to teach him how to take care of himself.

5. But Petro knew how to sell papers. People were glad to buy of him, for they were always sure of a pleasant "Thank you" as the pennies dropped into his small pocket.

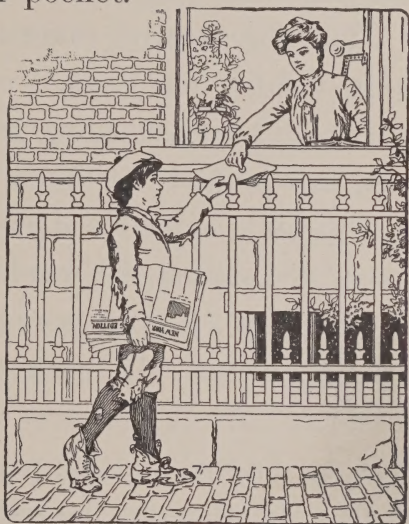
6. One morning the sick lady said to him, "Petro, have you any water where you live?"

Petro smiled and said, "Yes, ma'am."

7. "Well," said the lady, "if you should use some of that water on those little hands and on your bright face, they would look much nicer. When you come with your hands and face clean, I will buy two papers of you. I can give one to a friend who will be glad to have it."

Petro's black eyes shone as he promised the lady he would try to do as she wished.

8. Early the next morning he came, his bright face fairly shining with the hard washing he had



given it. And two very clean hands held up two papers to the lady at the window.

9. "Oh, how nice Petro looks!" said she, taking the papers and giving him two cents for each.

The next day he came as clean as before, and so he did for four days.

10. But one morning when he came his friend saw that he had not taken his morning bath.

The lady looked sad as she bought only one paper and closed the window without a word.

11. Petro looked sorry and ashamed as he walked away. He tried to sell his papers and forget all about his dirty hands and face, but he was not happy, and his papers went very slowly.

12. He thought he would not forget again. He scrubbed his round face harder than ever the next morning.

13. A bright smile from the lady at the window greeted him this time as he reached for the pay for his two papers.

14. One day the lady said, "Petro, you have been so careful about your hands and face, I shall ask you to keep something else clean."

"What?" said Petro; "my boots? I cannot do that, because they are full of holes."

15. "It was not your boots I was thinking of, Petro. But if you had a new pair, do you think you could keep them clean and well polished?"

"Oh, yes! I am sure I could. I know several bootblacks; they'd give me a shine any day."

16. "Well, Petro, I shall give you a new coat and cap. If you keep them clean and neat, perhaps you will soon have some boots too. Do you think you could keep so many things clean?"

17. Petro's black eyes danced with joy as he said, "Yes, ma'am; see if I don't."

"To-morrow," said the lady, "you may expect a bundle instead of your two cents."

18. It was earlier than usual the next morning when Petro stopped at his friend's window. She was ready for him, and put the bundle into his eager little hands.

"I shall expect to see my new Petro to-morrow," she said with a smile.

19. Indeed he did look like a new boy next day when he came with his papers.

His new boots had not yet come, but he was to earn those by showing his friend how careful he could be.

20. The next week the kind lady gave him the wished-for boots. Inside one of them he found a tiny bundle. It held a bright new necktie.

What a happy boy Petro was with his nice new clothes!

Somehow he had sold more papers every day since he had kept himself so neat and clean.

21. One day the man at the head of the newsboys said to him: "Petro, how should you like to stay here and be my head boy? You sell your papers so well and are so neat and tidy, I think I shall try you at the stand for a while."

22. Petro was greatly pleased and felt very proud next morning as he stood behind the paper stand selling his newspapers.

He did not forget to run down and tell his good fortune to his kind friend at the window.

As he lifted his new cap he said, "And, ma'am, it is all because you taught me how to keep clean and neat."



MARY AND THE CATERPILLAR

cat'er pil lar	cross'ly	whirled
stock'ings	Mex'i can	leath'er
bris'tles	shud'der	wrig'gling
a wak'ened	scold'ing	

1. One day Mary went to walk. She was not far from home when a little gray caterpillar crawled across the path.

“Oh!” said Mary, “do go away!” So the caterpillar went away as fast as he could.

2. Soon the gentle old cow saw Mary and came toward her in a friendly way.

“Oh!” said Mary, who was afraid of cows; “do go away!” So the cow went away.

3. Then Mary went into the pasture where the sheep were. The little lambs came running and jumping about her. “Oh!” said Mary; “do go away!” So the lambs went back to their play.

4. Now she came to the road where stood Billy, the goat, with his cart behind him.

“Oh!” said Mary; “I am afraid of goats. Do go away!”

5. But Billy, who was chained to a post, could not go away; so Mary herself went away with great speed. She sat down under a tree to rest.

“O dear me!” said she; “why should there be such unpleasant creatures in the world? I wish they would all go away.”

6. “Do you mean that?” said a sharp little voice in her ear.

Mary looked up, but she could see nothing. The tree hung its leaves over her head, but there was not even a bird among its branches.

“Yes,” she said crossly; “I do mean it.”

7. For a minute it seemed to Mary that the wind was blowing a gale. She was pushed about and whirled around, and even shaken a little, before she could think what had happened.

8. When she came to herself her little felt hat was gone; the pretty ribbon that held back her curls was gone; her dress was gone; her stockings and shoes were gone, and she was left barefoot.

She was cold and frightened, and she began to cry.

9. “Now what is the matter?” asked the sharp little voice. “I thought you did not want us.”

10. Mary looked again at the tree; this time she saw a gray caterpillar curled up on one of the leaves.

“I don’t want *you*,” she said. “I want my clothes.”

11. “Oh, that’s it, is it?” said the caterpillar. “I thought something was the matter. But, you see, you can’t have your clothes without us.”

"I should like to know what such an ugly worm as you are has to do with my clothes," said Mary rudely.

12. The caterpillar spoke in a more friendly tone. "What is the prettiest thing that you wear?" said he.

"My new red hair ribbon!" cried Mary.

13. The caterpillar began to laugh. "My brothers made that," said he. "My brothers and sisters spin nearly all the silk that is made. I am going to spin now. Should you like to see me spin? I am going to begin this minute."

"Can you spin silk?" asked Mary. She did not believe a word the caterpillar said.

14. The silkworm began to move his head about on the leaf. Back and forth, round and round, over and over it went; and now Mary saw a tiny thread of silk follow every motion.

"There," said he, "what do you think of that? I am not sure that I shall spin any more for such a girl as you."

15. "You *can* spin," said Mary; "but it is n't red silk, like my hair ribbon."

“Oh, dear, no!” said the caterpillar. “You can’t expect me to do everything. You will ask me to tie up your curls next.”

“No, indeed!” cried Mary quickly.

16. The silkworm laughed again — a funny little laugh, like the rustle of a dry leaf.

But soon he began talking again.

“That red color was given by a little Mexican bug,” he went on. “I suppose that you would call him an unpleasant little bug, but he is really very pretty.”

17. “And who gave me my boots?” said Mary, who was growing interested in her lost clothes.

“The grandson of Billy, the goat, gave you the boots. The sheep gave you wool from their own backs to keep you warm. Really, I think you are not very grateful for your comfortable clothes.”

18. “But the cow does not give me anything,” Mary hastened to say.

“Does n’t give you anything!” cried the caterpillar. “Milk and butter and cheese and

beefsteak, and leather for the soles of your boots, and glue to mend your broken playthings, and even a bit of her horn for a comb to keep those curls in order! Does n't give you anything, indeed! I am ashamed of you. Even the pig — ”

19. “Don't speak of him!” said Mary.

“The pig,” went on the silkworm, “gives you warm gloves and the bristles for your hairbrush.”

“Oh!” said Mary with a shudder.

20. “And your toothbrush too!” cried the caterpillar. He was fairly wriggling with joy. “Perhaps you think now that we might stay away altogether.”

21. “I don't understand,” Mary began to say, when some one said, “What is the matter, Mary?”

It was not the caterpillar who was talking. It was Mary's mother, who gently awakened the little girl. Her lost clothes were still safe upon her.

22. “I have had a funny dream,” said Mary. “The silkworm gave me such a scolding! But I think I deserved it.”

M. A. L. LANE.

A DISASTROUS RIDE

dis as'trous car'riage com pelled'

Some little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage;
They drove a playful breeze,
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

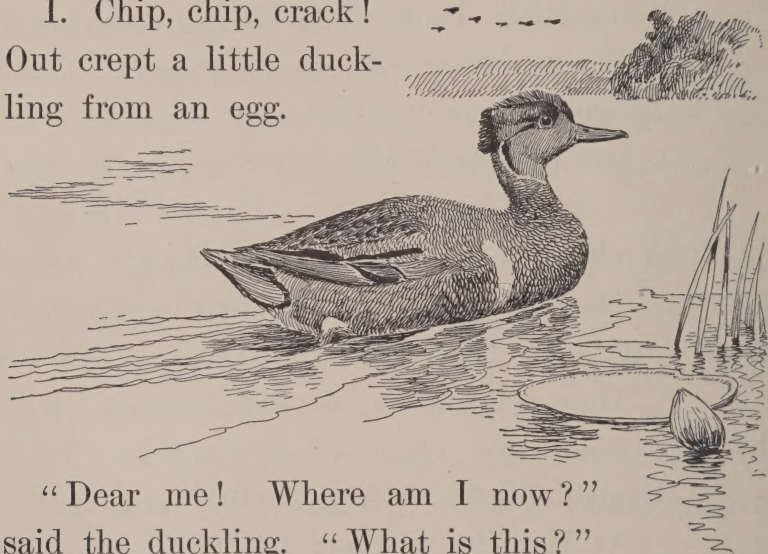
But oh! there were so many,
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk;

And through the moss and grasses
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
And carried them all home.

JEWEL, THE DRAKE

Jew'el	duck'ling	gar'den er	curv'ing
glo'ri ous	wad'dled	pris'on ers	reared

1. Chip, chip, crack!
Out crept a little duck-
ling from an egg.



“Dear me! Where am I now?”
said the duckling. “What is this?”

“This is the world,” said his mother.

2. “The world seems a pleasant place,” thought
the duckling. He could see the beautiful blue sky
and the soft white clouds. The grass beneath his
feet felt fresh and cool.

3. Soon his mother led him and the other little
ducklings down to the pond. “Now, children,

you must learn to swim," she said. "Watch me, and do as I do."

So they tried to do as she did. Soon they all swam about the beautiful pond.

4. "How nice it is to be alive in such a glorious place!" thought our duckling as he swam about in the cool water.

5. Every evening the ducklings went back to the farmyard to sleep in the warm straw.

In the morning they rose with the sun. They pecked about the yard and field. Then they waddled back to the pond.

There they swam and splashed and dived. They tried to catch the shining flies that darted about over the water. They hunted for worms and snails.

6. One morning our duckling found himself shut up in a dark place. He had hardly room to turn around. His sisters were trembling near him. He could hear the "quack, quack" of Mother Duck in the gloom.

7. By and by the prisoners were let out of this dark place. They could see the blue sky

and green grass again. There was a pond twenty times as big as the one they had seen.

8. "A new world!" thought our duckling, and away he swam to learn all its wonders.

He saw some beautiful birds with great curving wings and long necks.

9. "Those are swans," said his mother; "they are very grand, but they are cross things. Do not go near them."

10. Little Patty came every day to feed the birds with crumbs. How they all crowded around her! She was such a gentle little creature.

11. "I like you best, you little dear!" said Patty to our duckling. "You are not rude and greedy like the others. You are growing so beautiful too."

"I shall call you Jewel, for your head and neck are like a sparkling stone. I think you must be a little wild duck."

12. Jewel and Patty grew to be great friends. He would go up the path to meet her; then he would take the corner of her apron in his bill and walk beside her.

13. By and by the cool fall days came. One morning there was a newcomer on the lake. He was as beautiful as Jewel, but wild and shy.

14. "Where have you come from?" asked Jewel.

"I came from the cold north, because Giant Winter has frozen the sea with his icy breath."

15. "The sea! — what is the sea?"

"It is a great pond," said his new friend, "miles and miles long."

16. "Bigger than this?" asked Jewel.

"Do you call this big?" said the wild duck. "This is nothing; this is not the world. You must come with me in the spring. You are one of us; I see it by your coat."

17. The wild duck told Jewel many stories about the sea and the snow fields of the north.

One night in early spring a strange cry was heard. The wild duck said it was the cry of his friends.

They were gathering for their journey and he must go with them.

18. Then Jewel felt a great longing to go too. He spread his strong wings and flew away.

After many days Jewel saw the great sea, with its tossing waves, and heard its loud roar.

19. Jewel and his friends flew on till they reached a bed of reeds in the far north.

There they stayed all summer, where the great sun never seemed to set.

There they built their nests and reared their little ducklings.

20. Jewel often thought of Patty and wondered if she were sorry that he was gone.

By and by the time came to go south. First the mammas and the little ones went. The papas soon followed.

21. One day Jewel and his friend were swimming about together. "Well, Jewel," said he, "are you not glad you came—"

He never finished his speech.

22. Bang! bang! a great noise burst out near them.

The wild duck fell over upon the water. Up rose all the birds with screams of fear.

"I will go home," thought Jewel; "I will go home."

23. Patty had been ill in the winter. When she was strong enough she went down to the lake.

"Dear Jewel!" she sobbed; "where are you?"

"He is off with the other wild ducks," said the gardener. "Perhaps he will come back in the autumn."

24. And now the autumn had come. Patty came to the lake to feed the ducks and swans.

She thought of her pet. "Oh, Jewel," she said, "won't you come back soon?"

25. Just then she heard a flutter of wings and felt a gentle pull.

Looking down, she saw Jewel beside her with the corner of her apron in his beak.

26. "Oh, Jewel, you darling!" she cried; "you have come back at last."

Jewel swam round and said "How do you do?" to all of his friends.

27. "Well," said the swans, "now you have seen the world, what do you think of it?"

"It is all very beautiful," said Jewel with a sigh, as he thought of his friend, "but after all there is no place like home."

From "In the Springtime."

THE STORY OF A PIECE OF COAL

crash'ing warmth cap'tive scrape
rare'ly head'long joy'ous

1. You think that I am only a hard, black lump of coal, and that my story is a dull one; but my life has been full of wonderful things.

2. In the first place, I am old,—so old that you cannot count the years since I began to live. I was once a little tree and lived at the foot of a great tree in a forest by the sea.

3. This tree was not like your trees. It had no blossoms, but it grew tall and large. Many other little trees like myself grew near me.

4. Sometimes the great tree looked kindly on us and told us of the fresh air and sunshine above. I hoped that some day I should be tall.

5. The forest was a wet place. Our roots were in the water. It was dark and still under the great trees. Ferns and rushes grew high about us. It was like a jungle, only there were no panthers or tigers in those days.



6. Sometimes a great beast would go crashing through the swamp, but we rarely heard any sound save the falling of some tree or branch.

7. There was nothing to do but grow. Stray sunbeams came, and we caught and held them for the joy and warmth they brought.

8. One day all was changed. The great tree bent to tell us that the sea was coming, and with it the end of the world. The sea came, it is true, but the end of the world did not come.

Slowly the salt water crept among our roots and killed them. The trees fell headlong; their trunks piled one above another.

9. Then the sea brought sand and mud to cover us. We could hear the waves dash above our heads. We thought we should never see the sunshine again.

10. The slow years went on. At last the sea went away again, but great rocks were over us and held us down. Oh, how heavy they were!

11. "I shall never be of any use," I thought. "I am crushed out of shape. It would have been better if I had never lived at all."

12. More years passed—hundreds of them. I felt old and tired. Were we always to lie hidden under the heavy rocks? Was the world above us just the same?

13. Once down through a crack in the sandstone came the root of a tree. It was not like our roots, but we were glad to see any living thing.

14. It told us wonderful stories. Another great forest had grown over our heads. The trees were large and beautiful. Some of them had lovely blossoms. How we longed to see them!

15. The roots brought more stories to us as the years went by. There were men on the earth now, they said, who cut down trees to make houses.

16. The small twigs and branches would burn, we were told; but we knew nothing of fire.

“It is warm and bright, like sunshine,” the roots told us. Then we knew that the fire set free the little sunbeams which had been caught years before by the trees.

17. I heard my captive sunbeams sigh, but I could give them no hope. They were such joyous little things, it was hard to feel that they could never be free again.

18. One day I heard a sharp sound, like the scrape of a hard rock against a soft one.

“Is the sea coming to cover this new forest above us?” I thought. I listened again, but there was no sound of water, only the steady *pick, pick, pick* against the stones.

19. The daylight once more! How good it was to see the sun! I forgot that I had grown hard and black and ugly, and that no one would dream that once I was a little tree.

20. “Coal!” I heard a voice say. “Now we are rich indeed! We have found one of the greatest blessings in the world!”

21. Was it true that I, so hard, so black, so ugly, was a blessing? Yes, it was true!

22. I am so glad and thankful to be of use. Your fire will let my little sunbeams go, and you shall see them leap and dance for joy. Then you will know that my story is true.

THE CLOUDS

mead'ow la'zi ly down'y
 plucked pelt'ing

On the grass in the meadow a little boy lay,
 With his face turned up to the sky,
And he watched the clouds as far away
 They lazily floated by.

“I love you, clouds,” the little boy said;
 “You look so pretty and white;
And you keep the sun from my face and head
 When he shines too fierce and bright.

“Sometimes you look like a flock of doves
 Flying far, far away,
Or feathers plucked from their downy breasts,
 Or little white lambs at play.

“Sometimes there are heaps of foam and snow,
 And fishes, dogs, and sheep,
With bridges and other things that I know,
 As over the heavens you sweep.

“Sometimes you look like the sails of a ship,
With the blue sky for the sea,
I am lonely, clouds, and I love you so!
Do come and play with me!”

The white clouds heard as they floated by,
And they thought they should like to go
And play awhile with the little boy
Who seemed to love them so.

So they gathered thickly over his head,
And before he looked again,
The little clouds came tumbling down
In a pelting shower of rain.

The thirsty buds and the drooping flowers
Were glad that the shower had come;
But the little boy jumped up and ran
As fast as he could for home.

Next day the little boy looked again,
And said as the clouds sailed by,
“I love you, clouds, but I love you best
When you stay away up in the sky.”

THE EARTHQUAKE AND THE GREAT WAVE

vill'lage stalks pealed blaz'ing
twi'light ho ri'zon thick'ened
hor'ror sac'ri fice

1. It was an autumn evening more than a hundred years ago. In a little village of Japan there was a great stir. The narrow streets were full of people who were getting ready for a merrymaking in the evening. Each was thinking how happy he should be in the gay throng.

2. The village was on the seashore. The waves breaking on the beach were only a few feet away. Above, on the high plain behind the village, an old man was watching from his house the merry crowd below.

3. Suddenly in the midst of the fun and laughter there came the shock of an earthquake. Japan is the land of earthquakes, and this was not enough to frighten any one.

4. The boys and girls ran up and down the streets as before. The old man could hear their gay, childish voices. He stood up and looked at

the sea. The water was dark and acted strangely. It seemed to be moving against the wind. The sea was running away from the land. Below him, the people were wondering what that great ebb could mean. They were watching it from the beach.

5. The old man knew what it meant; he knew the danger that was coming. His one thought was to warn the people in the village.

"Bring me a torch! Make haste!" he called aloud to his servants. In the fields behind him lay his great crop of rice. It was piled up in stacks ready for the market. It was worth a fortune. The old man hurried out with his torch. In a moment the dry stalks were blazing. The big bell pealed from the temple.

6. Back from the beach, away from that strange sea, up the steep side of the cliff, came the people of the village. They were coming to try to save the crops of their rich neighbor.

"He is mad!" they said.

7. "Look!" shouted the old man at the top of his voice, as they reached the plain in safety.

They looked eastward through the twilight. At the edge of the horizon they saw a long, lean, dim line,—a line that thickened as they gazed. That line was the sea, rising up like a high wall, and coming more swiftly than a kite flies.

8. Then came a shock, heavier than thunder. The great swell struck the shore with a weight that sent a shudder through the hills. There was a foam-burst like a blaze of sheet lightning.

9. When the people looked again, they saw a white horror of sea raging over the place of their homes. It drew back, roaring. Then it struck again, and again, and yet again. Once more it struck and ebbcd; then it returned to its place.

10. On the plain no word was spoken. Of all the homes, only two straw roofs could be seen, tossing on the waves. Then the voice of the old man was heard, saying gently, "That is why I set fire to the rice."

11. He stood among them almost as poor as the poorest, for his wealth was gone;—but he had saved four hundred lives by the sacrifice.

BORN IN PRISON

cab'bage

de clare'

feel'ers

nar'row

1. I am only a day old. I was born in prison. I can see right through my walls; but I can't find any door.



2. Below me lies a queer-looking, empty box. It is clear, and a pale green. It is all in one piece, with only a little slit in the top; I wonder what came out of it?

3. Close by it is another green box; it is long and narrow, but it is not empty. There is no slit in the top; I wonder what is in it.

4. Near it is a smooth, green caterpillar. It is crawling on the edge of a bit of cabbage leaf.

5. I'm afraid that bright light has hurt my eyes.

It was just outside my prison wall, and it was as bright as the sun.

6. There was a great eye looking at me before my wings had opened wide. I was not half

through stretching my feet. I wanted to see if I could use them in climbing.

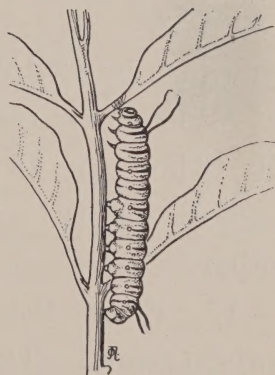
7. I heard somebody say, "Oh! oh!" twice. Then the light was held close to the wall.

8. I don't like this prison. It isn't worth while to fly about. It seems as if I ought to have more room.

9. There must be something inside that green box. It moves! I saw it tip half over then, all of itself. I believe that caterpillar is afraid of it. He creeps off slowly toward the wall.

10. How smooth and green he is! How his rings move when he crawls! Now he has gone up the wall. He has stopped near the roof.

11. Now he throws his head from side to side! He is growing broader! He looks as if he were turning into one of these green boxes.



12. How that box shakes! I see it begin to open. There is a slit coming in the back.

13. Something peeps out! A butterfly's head,

I declare! Here it comes!—two long feelers, two short ones!

14. Four wings: two round spots on each of the upper pair, and none on the other two.

Dressed just like me!

I wonder why it hid away in that box?

15. *First Butterfly*: What made you hide in that green box?

Second Butterfly: What box? I did n't hide anywhere. I don't know what box you mean.

16. *First Butterfly*: That one; you just crawled out of it; I saw you.

Second Butterfly: That's the first I knew of it. There are two boxes just alike.

Both empty! Maybe you were hidden in the other!

17. *First Butterfly*: Ho! There goes our prison wall! That's the big hand that held the bright light.

How good the air feels! Now for a chance to try our wings! Away we go!

JULIA P. BALLARD. Adapted



THE FIRE SPRITES

slen'der

sprites

hewn

fire'wood

troop'ing

flue

1. This burning log grew long ago as a tree in the woods. The wind could sway its slender trunk to and fro.

2. The rain fell softly upon its tender leaves, and sank into the earth to feed its roots.

3. The great sun saw it, and gave it light and warmth. It grew tall and strong.

4. The sprites were happy in those days. But by and by the old tree died. Then they wished to leave it and fly far away.

5. The air sprites called them: "Come out where we are! Come out, and be free!"

6. The sprites within were eager to go. They loved the sprites of the air.



But, alas! their prison walls were strong. So they waited and were patient.

7. One day the old tree was hewn down and cut into firewood. How glad the sprites were!

8. They whispered, "At last we shall leave the old tree!" But still they waited.

9. One night when Tom and Dick carried in wood, the old log was placed on the coals.

The flames crept around the wood and warmed it, and the prison walls began to break. The sprites within were free!

10. The sprites of the air are trooping in now! The gay fire sprites whirl away with the air sprites, who come to take them.

11. Together they go, through the long dark flue, to the great wide world beyond.

They dance and sing in the warmth they love. They flutter in glee through the sparks.

12. And this is the story repeated each day, —every time anything burns.

When the sprite in the air finds the sprite in the wood, we say the wood is burning.

HOW MORNING-GLORY CLIMBED

ear'wig	purse	fled	midst
milk'weed	lev'el	spear	fleet
sweet'bri er		earth'worm	

1. A little Morning-Glory lay all winter snug and warm in the arms of Mother Earth.

Then one day Spring called, "Come out, little Morning-Glory!"

2. Mother Earth gave her a gentle push and said, "Go, my child!"

3. Morning-Glory put up two tiny green hands and looked about her. It was quite dark; a broad leaf above her head shut out the light.

4. In the darkness beneath it crawling things moved about: black ants, a long earthworm, and an earwig on his many legs.

5. At sight of these, Morning-Glory's tiny green hands shook with fright.

6. When a cold, biting wind came by, she would have fled into Mother Earth's arms if she could. But she could not. When Mother Earth's children leave her, they cannot go back.

7. "Climb, little one, climb!" said the dear old mother. "By and by you will get into the light where the winged things live."

8. So Morning-Glory threw out a hand and seized the green stalk of a shepherd's purse.

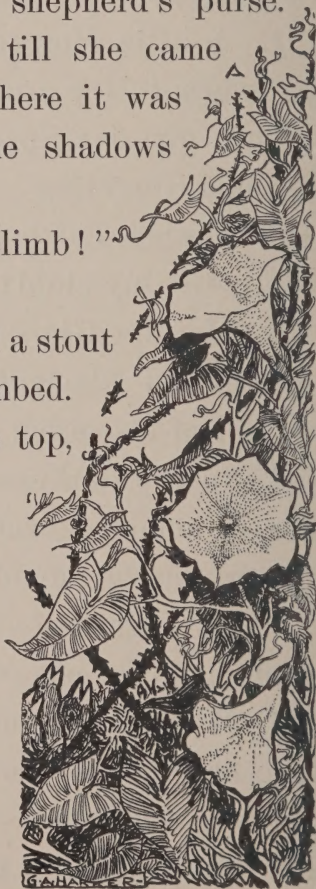
9. By that she climbed till she came to a level with the leaf. There it was a little lighter, but still the shadows were deep.

10. "Climb, dear child, climb!" said Mother Earth.

Then Morning-Glory seized a stout milkweed, and up that she climbed.

11. When she reached the top, a single ray of sunlight touched her. It warmed her to the heart. It was like a golden spear.

12. "Climb, dear child, climb!" said Mother Earth. "By and by you will come where the sun's golden spears fall like showers of rain."



13. Little Morning-Glory threw out both hands. She seized upon a slender daisy that, like herself, was climbing to the light.

14. Up the daisy stalk she ran, and came to a sweetbrier bush. In the middle of the bush there was a sparrow's nest with four birds in it ready to take wing.

15. "Haste, haste, my child!" said old Mother Earth, "that the sparrows be not there before you."

16. At that, Morning-Glory made still greater haste. For now, through much climbing, she had grown strong and fleet. She ran swiftly up the slender sweetbrier stems.

17. When at last she came out on top, she saw above her the beautiful blue sky, and in its midst was the shining sun.

18. As she tossed her hands in joy at the sight, from each hand swung a lovely pink bell.

19. All around her the sun's golden spears fell like a shower of rain. And a lark sang in the beautiful blue sky.

FRANK POPE HUMPHREY.

IN JAPAN

Jap'a nese'

tuft

vel'vet

A mer'i can

Har'u

black'en

1. Bliss and Nanny were carried to a real Japanese house. It was made of wood and



paper. The carpets were white straw mats, thick and soft as velvet.

2. "We must take off our boots before we go in," said papa. "That's the way we do in Japan."

3. "But there are no chairs. Where shall we sit?" asked Nanny.

"On the floor," said papa cheerfully. "For that's the way in Japan."

4. The house was sweet and clean, and had only two rooms. But at night the servants drew out sliding paper walls and made four rooms.

5. The Japanese women put up their hair in big bows on top of their heads. Some paint their necks and blacken their teeth. They wear loose gowns with big sleeves. The little girls are dressed just like their mothers.

6. "Oh, how funny!" said Nanny. "There are n't any little girls here, mamma. They're just little women!"

7. Nanny called with her mamma on a little Japanese girl named Haru. Haru was greatly pleased with the visit. She had never seen such sunny curls and blue eyes as Nanny's. The Japanese have black eyes and yellow skins.

8. "I wish I could buy a hundred kites to take home," said Bliss.

He did buy six. One of them had a harp fastened to it, so that it sang in the air like a bird.

9. Bliss saw a kite fight one day. The long tails of the two kites were covered with bits of glass. Each boy tried to cut the string of the other's kite with the glass. At last the string of one was cut and it flew away.

10. "What very queer boys the Japanese boys are!" Bliss said sometimes to his papa. "I don't believe they know what fun is!"

Bliss said this because Japanese children are always so quiet. They do not laugh and shout as American children do.

"And then," he said, "they are so very polite."

11. Bliss is a polite little fellow himself; he knows when to lift his hat and bow. But when he saw the Japanese boys bowing so often, he almost felt as if he were not polite at all.

12. These Japanese boys have all their hair shaved off, except a little tuft over each ear and one on top of the head.

13. They use their big sleeves for pockets. No American boy can get as much into his four pockets as a Japanese boy can into his two.

14. "Good-bye, Haru," said Nanny, when they sailed away in the "Starlight" for India. "Come to America some day."

And Haru thinks she shall.

IN THE TREE TOP

be gin'ning

ham'mock



“Rock-a-by, baby, in the tree top!”

Mother his blanket is spinning;
And a little light rustle that never will stop,
Breezes and boughs are beginning.
Rock-a-by, baby, swinging so high!

Rock-a-by!

“When the wind blows, then the cradle will
rock.”

Hush! now it stirs in the bushes;
Now with a whisper, a flutter of talk,
Baby and hammock it pushes.
Rock-a-by, baby, shut, pretty eye!

Rock-a-by!

“Rock with the boughs, rock-a-by, baby, dear!”

Leaf-tongues are singing and saying;
Mother she listens, and sister is near,
Under the tree softly playing.
Rock-a-by, baby! mother's close by!

Rock-a-by!



Weave him a beautiful dream, little breeze!

Little leaves, nestle around him!

He will remember the song of the trees

When age with silver has crowned him.

Rock-a-by, baby! wake by and by!

Rock-a-by!

LUCY LARCOM.

GROWN-UP LAND

mor'row	wom'an hood	stitch'es
frown	for get'ting	sew'ing
shirk	man'hood	toil'ing
ac'tions	es tates'	

“Good morrow, fair maid with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood town?”

“Oh, this way and that way, never a stop;
’Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,
’Tis kissing the baby’s troubles away,
’Tis learning that cross words never will pay,
’Tis helping mother, ’tis sewing up rents,
’Tis reading and playing, ’tis saving the cents,
’Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown, —
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood town!”

“Just wait, my brave lad, one moment, I
pray.

Where is Manhood town? Can you tell me
the way?”

“Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that
land—

A bit with the head, a bit with the hand!

'Tis by climbing up the steep hill Work,

'Tis by keeping out of the wide street Shirk,

'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,

'Tis by giving the mother a happy heart,

'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions
down,

Oh, that is the way to Manhood town!”

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in Grown-up land.



MAKING CANDLES

can'dles	ket'tle	ex claimed'	Squire
greas'y	so'ber	pa'tience	plank
de light'		stead'i ly	

1. Mrs. Lyman was sitting before the kitchen fire with a large book in her lap. Instead of reading it, she was winding around it some soft white wicking.

2. "Why, mamma, what are you doing?" cried Patty. "How can we ever read that book tied up in that way?"

3. "I shall not hurt it, my dear." And as Mrs. Lyman spoke, she cut in two the band of wicking with the shears.

Then she took from the table some slender sticks, and put on each stick twelve pieces of wicking, giving each piece a little twist with her fingers.

4. "Oh, now I know!" said Moses; "you are going to make candles."

"Yes, and there's the kettle," said Patty.

5. This happened a hundred years ago. Mrs.

Lyman made her candles every fall, and always in the afternoon, because there was so much going on in the kitchen in the morning.

6. She laid two long sticks from one chair to another, and then she set the candle rods across the sticks — more than a hundred of them — in straight rows.

7. “Now, James!” she called, going to the door. While James was coming she laid a large plank on the floor under the candle rods.

“That’s to catch the drippings,” said the wise Moses.

8. Squire Lyman and James came in and lifted the heavy, brass kettle from the crane, and placed it on a board in front of the fire. Then Mrs. Lyman sat down to dip candles.

9. In the first place, when she dipped the pieces of wicking into the kettle of hot tallow and took them out again, they looked like greasy strings.

One after another she dipped them in and drew them out, dipped them in and drew them out, and carefully set them back in their places. Patty and Moses looked on.

10. "How slow they are!" said Moses.

"Rome wasn't built in a day," said Mrs. Lyman, going back to the beginning and dipping the first row over again.

11. In about an hour Patty looked into the kitchen again. The candles had grown, but only a very little. And there sat Mrs. Lyman with a steady, sober look on her face, as if she were waiting to let them grow.

12. "What slow candles!" cried Patty.

"Patience, dear," said Mrs. Lyman, smiling. But when Patty came the second time she exclaimed with delight:

"Oh, mamma, I begin to see them grow!"

13. "Yes," said her mother, "we do not wait and work for nothing, little daughter."

Then she took down another rod of the round white candles and dipped them in, quickly and steadily as before.

14. "I wish I could do it!" said Patty. "It must be fun now."

But Mrs. Lyman only smiled.

THE WATER DOLLY—I

surf	thim'ble	kelp
crim'son	ar ranged'	snarl

1. It was a very rainy day. The waves seemed to be trying to push the pebbles up on shore out of their way, but they would rattle back again as fast as they could every time.

The beach was white with foam, and Prissy could hear the roar of the surf as it dashed against the rocks.

2. Prissy was sorry that it rained. She could n't sew, for she had hurt her thimble finger. There were no little girls to play with.

3. "I wish I had a doll," said she to her mother.

"There's your corncob dolly," said her mother, who was busy in the kitchen.

4. "It is n't very pretty," said Prissy; and this was quite true.

Toward night her father came in from mending his fishing nets

"I'm going for some more seaweed tomorrow," said he; "there will be a fine pile of it on the beach."

5. "Oh!" said Prissy, dancing up and down; "may I go with you, father? I'll work as hard as Sam does. May I, father?"

"Yes, you may go," said Mr. Starbird, laughing. "I didn't know it was such fun to go for kelp."

6. So the next morning they drove away in the cart, Mr. Starbird and Prissy on the seat, and Sam standing up behind.

It was a clear, bright day, and the beach, as they had hoped, was piled high with shining brown kelp.

7. For the next two hours Prissy was busy as a beaver, picking out the largest leaves of the curly-edged kelp. Sometimes she found a pretty shell or a striped pebble or a bit of fine crimson seaweed.

8. Besides these there were queer horseshoe crabs which Prissy arranged in a circle by sticking their sharp tails into the sand.



9. Suddenly she caught sight of a bit of blue in a snarl of green seaweed, and when she took it out of the water what should it be but a doll in a blue dress!

10. Such a dear doll it was! It had a china head, blue eyes, pink cheeks, and yellow hair. Prissy had never seen such a beautiful doll. The blue dress was made of silk. Prissy felt it with careful fingers. Yes, it was real silk.

THE WATER DOLLY — II

hugged pi az'za shy'ly care'less

1. Prissy ran down the beach with the doll in her hand.

“I wonder whose it is,” said Sam.

2. “Oh, Sam!” said Prissy; “can’t I keep her? She is my own dear dolly” — and the poor little girl sat down and cried.

3. “There, there, don’t feel so bad, Prissy,” said Mr. Starbird. “It must belong to some child at the hotel. We will stop and see as we go home.”

4. Prissy was an honest little girl, and she tried not to cry any more. It was nearly a mile to the hotel, and Prissy hugged the water dolly very close and kissed her a great many times.

5. As they drove up to the piazza a boy was standing near, and Mr. Starbird asked him if any little girl had lost her doll.

“Yes, that’s Nelly Hunt’s doll,” said the boy.
“I’ll go and find her.”

6. In a few minutes a little girl and her mother came out on the piazza. Prissy held out the doll without a word.

7. "Where in the world did you find her?" asked the lady. "And you have been crying. Did you wish she was yours?"

"Yes 'm," said Prissy shyly.

The lady smiled and looked at the little girl, who said quickly, "Yes, indeed, mamma."

8. "Nelly would like to give you the dolly," said Mrs. Hunt. "She left her out on the rocks. I hope you will not be such a careless mamma as she was."

9. "Have n't you any dolls of your own?" said Nelly. "I have six others."

"No," said Prissy, "only one made of a corn-cob. Oh, I think you are so good!"

10. In the afternoon Prissy took her doll down to her playhouse by the great rock.

The sun shone and Prissy was very happy. The water dolly looked happy too, as if she felt quite at home.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT. Adapted.

SIXTY MINUTES MAKE AN HOUR¹

aft er noon'

six'ty

pun'ished

in ter rupt'ed

leaned

men'tion

1. "Sixty seconds make a minute — sixty minutes make an hour," sang Nelly on the afternoon of the last day of the year.

"Sixty seconds make a minute — sixty minutes make an hour," over and over again.

2. Then Nelly ceased rocking, for she heard a tiny voice repeat the words, "Sixty minutes make an hour."

3. Looking up, she saw a wee figure standing before her dressed in white. Dancing in at one of the windows came other wee figures, followed by still smaller ones.



"How glad I am to see you!" cried Nelly.
"Are you fairies?"

¹From "The Ball of the Vegetables." Copyright, 1883, by Harper & Brothers.

4. "No, dear," said one with a smile. "We are Hours, Minutes, and Seconds, and we belong to the year that is almost gone.

"I suppose you do not remember the Minutes and Seconds, they stay such a short time; but I am sure you can remember me and my sisters and cousins—that is, some of us."

5. "Why, how many sisters and cousins have you?" asked Nelly.

"Twenty-three sisters and eight thousand seven hundred and thirty-six cousins," answered she.

6. "What a family! But you have n't told me who you are yet."

"I am the Hour that was with you when your baby brother broke the doll Santa Claus had brought you, and you forced back the tears, and told him 'Baa, baa, black sheep' till he fell asleep."

7. "I remember," said Nelly; "and mamma kissed me and called me her 'own brave little daughter.'"

8. "I am the Hour," said a small body in a

plain gray dress, "that stayed with you when you were being punished for telling" —

"Don't mention it, please," interrupted a bright-faced Hour; "I heard her promise 'never — never — never' to do so again."

9. "I was with her," sang a sweet voice, "the day she found the bird that had a nest in the apple tree. In that nest were four baby birds."

"Yes, indeed!" cried Nelly; "and what big mouths they had!"

10. "And I, Nelly, dear, fell into the brook with you, when you were trying to catch a frog."

"And I," cried another, "sat by your side when you were sent from the table because you would n't say 'please'!"

11. "And I —" But at that moment Nelly's arithmetic fell from her lap with a bang! Away fled the Seconds and Minutes and Hours out of the window!

12. When Nelly leaned out to look after them, she saw nothing but the snow, and two sparrows picking up crumbs.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS

knights	Ar'thur	mem'bers	char'gers
plumed	Gal'a had	Lan'ce lot	brav'er y
Per'ci val		Ga'wain	

1. In a country far away there once lived a band of knights. They belonged to the great King Arthur's court. They were members of his far-famed Round Table.

2. Now, to be a knight meant that one was strong and brave and true.

To be a knight of the Round Table meant that one was the very strongest and bravest and truest of knights.

3. The knights of King Arthur's court were always seeking some good work to do. If any one was in danger, they were ready, even at the risk of their own lives, to go to the rescue. Nothing was too hard for them.

4. From morning until night they could be seen on their beautiful chargers. They hurried over fields and meadows. They rode through forests and rocky passes.



5. They sought out the poor and needy, the sick and the sad, so that they might serve them.

6. The knights always thought of others first and of themselves last. That is why people loved them and ran to windows and doors when one chanced to pass.

7. To the little children in that land the knights were wonderful beings. The children liked to hear stories about their brave deeds. It was not strange that there grew in each child's heart the wish to be a knight.

8. The long blasts from their bugles fell like sweet music on the children's ears. Whenever it was heard the children would cry out: "The knights are passing! The knights are passing!"

A band of knights in plumed hats and bright armor seemed to them the most beautiful sight in the world.

9. The knights loved the children with their bright smiles and happy faces.

Sometimes the knights would stop for a few words with the children. Then how the little hearts would beat with joy!

10. The children soon learned to know all the knights of King Arthur's court. Often they could be heard to exclaim, "Oh, there comes Sir Galahad!" or, "There comes Sir Lancelot!"

11. Sir Galahad was the youngest and best-loved knight in all the court. The children were always pleased to see him.

Sir Lancelot was called the "Flower of Bravery," because of his daring deeds.

Sir Percival was known to all as the "Pure One," so true was he.

Sir Gawain, with his pleasant words and manners, was called the "Golden-Tongued."

12. There was one strange, beautiful thing in that land. Always after the knights had passed the children would grow more gentle and loving and brave. They would think more of others and less of themselves.

13. Then there would come stealing over their faces the most glorious shining light.

This light told to others that the children were growing to be true knights.

EMMA G. SAULSBURY.

ROSAMOND AND THE PURPLE JAR

Ros'a mond	Lon'don	jars	buc'kles
proved	liq'uid	choice	

1. Rosamond, a little girl about seven years old, was walking with her mother in London.

Soon they came to a shop which seemed to the little girl more beautiful than all the rest.

2. "Oh, mother, oh!" she cried; "look, look! blue, green, red, yellow, and purple jars! Won't you buy some of them?"

3. "Of what use are they, Rosamond?"

"You might put flowers in them. I wish I had one of them," said Rosamond.

4. "I am afraid that you might be disappointed if you had one," said her mother.

"No, I am sure I should not be disappointed," said Rosamond; "I should like it very much."

5. She turned to look at the purple jar until she could see it no longer.

"Perhaps, mamma, you have no money," said Rosamond.

"Oh, yes, I have some money," said her mother.

6. "Dear me!" said Rosamond. "If I had money, I should buy toys and boxes and buckles and purple flower pots and everything."

7. Here the little girl stopped. "Oh, mamma!" she said; "will you wait a minute for me? A stone is in my shoe and it hurts me."

8. "How came there to be a stone in your shoe?" asked her mother.

"Because it is quite worn out. See this hole. I wish you would get me another pair."

9. "But, Rosamond, I haven't money enough to buy toys and boxes and buckles and purple flowerpots and everything."

10. By this time Rosamond's foot gave her so much pain that she could think of little else. Soon they came to a shoemaker's shop.

11. "Oh!" said the little girl; "there is a pair of little shoes which I am sure will fit me."

12. "Perhaps they will," said her mother. "But you cannot be sure until you have tried them on. You think that you would like the purple jar, but you cannot be sure until you have looked at it more carefully."

13. "I don't know about the shoes, mamma, but I am sure that I should like the purple jar," said Rosamond.

"Well, which will you have, that jar or a pair of shoes? I will buy either for you, but I cannot get you another pair of shoes this month."

14. "Then perhaps I had better have the shoes. Yet, that purple flowerpot! Oh, I think I can make my shoes last till the end of the month. Don't you think so, mamma?"

"You must think for yourself, Rosamond."

15. Rosamond stood with one shoe on and the other in her hand.

"Well, mamma," said she at last, putting on her old shoe again, "I choose the flowerpot."

16. It was not long before they came again to the shop with the large window. The purple jar was bought, wrapped up, and carried home.

17. "Oh, mamma!" cried Rosamond as soon as she had taken off the top; "there is something dark in it which has a very disagreeable smell. May I have a bowl to pour it into?"

18. Rosamond's disappointment was indeed

great when the empty jar proved to be no longer a purple jar. It was a plain white glass jar which had seemed to have the beautiful color from the liquid with which it had been filled. Little Rosamond burst into tears.

19. "The best thing to do is to bear your disappointment with good humor," said her mother. "You have made your choice."

20. "I will bear it as well as I can," said Rosamond, wiping her eyes. But her disappointment did not end here. One day, shortly after, she was to go to walk with her father. When she was quite ready and was making haste downstairs, her shoe dropped off.

21. "Why, Rosamond!" said her father, looking at her shoes; "I cannot take you with me; I should be ashamed of you."

22. "Oh, mamma!" said Rosamond as she took off her hat; "how I wish that I had chosen the shoes! They would have been of so much more use to me than that jar. I hope I shall be wiser another time."

HOW A BOY HELPED WIN A BATTLE

thir'teen

ar'my

forge

beck'oned

colonel

luck'y

Bur goyne'

Ben'ning ton ,



1. Nahum Prince was the only boy over thirteen years old in the village who did not join the army at the time of the fighting with Burgoyne. Nahum was very lame.

2. When the soldiers were getting ready he stood up as well as he could. The captain came along and said: "Go home, Nahum. You know you don't belong here; you cannot walk a mile." Then they all marched away without him.

3. Nahum was very sad that night. The next morning he made up his mind that he

must do something. So he went down to split wood for old Widow Corliss.

4. He had been busy for an hour when four men on horseback came down the road. One beckoned to Nahum and said, "Where are all the men?"

"Gone to join General Stark," answered Nahum.

5. "Is there nobody here who can set a shoe?"

"Why, I can," said Nahum.

"Then it's lucky you are left behind."

6. Nahum lighted the forge, blew the coal hot, and set the shoe, and the horse and rider went away. Nahum learned afterwards that the rider was Colonel Seth Warner.

7. Find the story of the battle of Bennington and you will see how glad General Stark was that Colonel Warner came up in time that day.

8. There was once another battle about which this song was written:

"For want of a nail, the shoe was lost ;
For want of a shoe, the horse was lost ;
For want of a horse, the rider was lost ;
For want of a rider, the battle was lost ;
For loss of the battle, the country was lost, —
And all for the want of a twopenny nail."

A CHILD TO A ROSE

se'cret	a broad'	mass'y	splen'did
an'gels	flush	sign	no'tion



White Rose, talk to me!

I don't know what to do.

Why do you say no word to me,

Who say so much to you?

I'm bringing you a little rain,

And I shall be so proud

If, when you feel it on your face,

You take me for a cloud.

Here I come so softly,

You cannot hear me walking;

If I take you by surprise,
I may catch you talking.

Tell all your thoughts to me,
Whisper in my ear;
Talk against the winter,
He shall never hear.

I can keep a secret
Since I was five years old.
Tell if you were frightened
When first you felt the cold;
And, in the splendid summer,
While you flush and grow,
Are you ever out of heart
Thinking of the snow?

Did it feel like dying
When first your blossoms fell?
Did you know about the spring?
Did the daisies tell?
If you had no notion,
Only fear and doubt,
How I should have liked to see
When you found it out!

Such a beautiful surprise!

What must you have felt,
When your heart began to stir,
As the snow began to melt!

Do you mind the darkness

As I used to do?

You are not as old as I;

I can comfort you.

The little noises that you hear

Are winds that come and go.

The world is always kind and safe,

Whether you see or no;

And if you think that there are eyes

About you near and far,

Perhaps the fairies are watching,—

I know the angels are.

I think you must be lonely

When all the colors fail,

And moonlight makes the garden

So massy and so pale;

And anything might come at last
 Out of those heaps of shade.
I would stay beside you
 If I were not afraid!
Children have no right to go
 Abroad in night and gloom;
But you are safe in the garden
 As I am in my room.

White Rose, do you love me?
 I only wish you'd say!
I would work hard to please you
 If I but knew the way.
It seems so hard to be loving,
 And not a sign to see
But the silence and the sweetness
 For all as well as me.
I think you nearly perfect,
 In spite of all your scorns;
But, White Rose, if I were you,
 I would n't have those thorns!

THE STORY OF THE SEA GULL — I

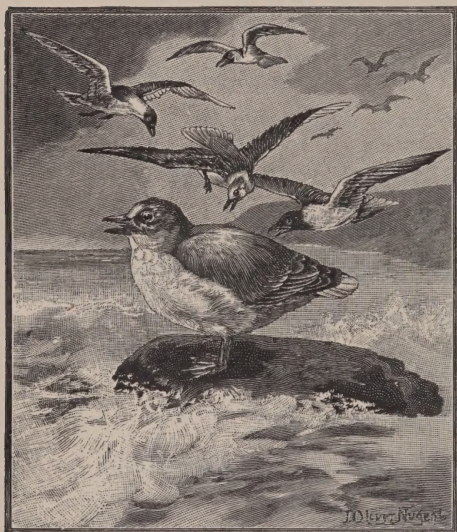
im pa'tient

flap'ping

gasp'ing

dis o beyed'

1. A young sea gull had learned to fly, but it could not fly far. Sea gulls need to fly well,



for they often have to go many miles against a strong wind.

2. When this sea gull was still a young bird in the nest, high up on the rocks, he longed to be among the dancing waves.

3. He begged his mother to let him dash off with her, whirling and curving about in the air, with nothing below but the great ocean.

4. He would scarcely believe her when she told him that flying was not so easy as it

looked, and that little birds should be willing to wait until their wings are strong.

5. At last the father sea gull said it was a good day for a beginning. So all the four young ones stood at the edge of the nest in great glee.

6. At first they tried among the rocks and on the beach, where they could not fall far. There the sand was fine and soft, and the wind blew gently.

7. The little sea gulls were happy, — all but one. His name was Quiver, and he was the same one that had been so impatient in the nest.

8. One morning when his father and mother were away, he stood up, flapping his wings, and told the others that he was going off by himself.

9. In vain they begged him to stay. The foolish little sea gull would not listen to them, and off he flew.

10. For a time everything went well. The tide was low and he flew from one rock to another, thinking how easy flying proved to be, until he was a long way out.

11. When he turned his head to look behind him, there was nothing to be seen but the sea. While he was wondering what had become of the shore, a number of gulls lighted on the rock beside him.

12. "We must make haste," they said, "and get to the shore as fast as we can before the storm comes."

"May I fly with you?" said Quiver. "I'm afraid I don't quite know the way."

13. They looked at him in surprise. "What are you doing away from home," they said, "a little bird like you? Come with us if you like. It is your only chance."

14. Oh, how frightened he was, and how he wished he had stayed at home! But he flew away with them, and when he reached the shore it was only to drop down on the sands gasping and weak.

15. "I am surely dying," thought little Quiver. "I wish mother could know how sorry I am that I disobeyed her." Then everything grew dark about him.

THE STORY OF THE SEA GULL — II

slug	clip	snipped	firm
pre tend'	slipped	fear'less	

1. When Quiver awoke he was lying in a small tool house in a garden. A little boy was bending over him.

2. "I don't think he's going to die," the boy said. "I'm so glad you found him, David. I've made him a bed of hay in the corner."

3. Poor Quiver felt very strange and sad. The boy meant to be kind, but he did not know just what kind of food sea gulls like, and it was several days before Quiver was better. At last he was able to hop about and to flap his wings a little.

4. "We can let him into the garden now," the boy said to the gardener. "We'll see if he is such a good slug catcher as you say."

5. "He can catch slugs," said David, "but we must clip his wings or he will fly away."

6. He took Quiver in his arms and, carefully stretching out his wings, he snipped them

with a big pair of scissors. It did not hurt Quiver at all, but it frightened him very much.

7. The gardener put him down again and he stretched his wings to fly. Oh, dear! what was the matter? He could not even raise himself from the ground.

8. All the long summer Quiver stayed in the garden. He got used to it after a while, but still he had always a pain at his heart.

9. He would rush along the paths and back again. It was the only way he could keep down his longing for the sea. He used to pretend to himself that when he came to the end of the path he should feel the salt air and see the waves dancing.

10. And so he lived till the winter came round again. He often felt that he must die if he were kept shut up any longer.

11. But he had to bear it, and he did not die, and he grew patient and quiet. It seemed to him that the winter would never end. But at last—at last—came the spring. The sky was

blue; the birds sang in the trees. The south wind wakened the buds and flowers.

12. Quiver's heart beat with hope. Then came the gardener's wife and opened the door. Out slipped Quiver, thankful to be in the open air again.

13. But the old pain was still at his heart. He had forgotten that he had wings, and he went hurrying along on his legs.

14. Suddenly, without thinking what he was doing, he spread his wings; they were firm and strong. He tried them again and again, and then up he flew, up, up, up, into the clear spring sky, strong and free and fearless.

15. Slowly he flew at first, then swiftly and surely back to the old home. It was a long way, but he never lost the hope of finding his brothers and sisters again.

16. He did find them, and I cannot tell you how happy they were when they were once more together.



LITTLE BROWN HANDS

rip'en ing	au'thor	pal'ette	tint'ed
black'ber ry	del'i cate	chis'el	cas'tles

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shaded lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the fields
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick, waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows ;
They gather the earliest snowdrop,
And the first crimson bud of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder bloom white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light ;

They know where the apples hang ripest,
More yellow than gold from the mines;
They know where the fruit clusters thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful seashells, —
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree tops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at nighttime are folded in silence
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,
The humble and poor become great;
And from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and scholar, —
The noble and wise of the land, —
The chisel, the sword, and the palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

DICK'S SONG

tow'el	ca na'ry	daz'zling
dis'tance	sau'cy	choked
li'bra ry	hand'ker chief	ter'ror

1. Nora had turned down the gaslight so that Dick should not chirp and disturb the children's sleep. She had placed a small towel rack at a little distance from the grate, and had gone down to sit in the kitchen. Mamma was in the library with papa; everything was still.

2. Dick, the canary, was fast asleep with his saucy head tucked under his wing. Suddenly he opened his bright eyes and stood upon two legs instead of one. There was a light in the room.

3. "How pleasant this is!" thought Dick, beginning to chirp and twitter. "It is nearly as light as it is in the daytime.

"I suppose I ought to sing a little. I know they expect me to sing when it is light, because they put a silk handkerchief over my cage to

make it dark when the baby has his nap. He likes to hear me sing better than he likes to go to sleep."

4. So Dick began to sing, — softly at first, but more loudly as the light grew brighter and brighter. It was a strange, dazzling light, unlike anything that Dick had seen before. A coal had snapped from the grate and the little aprons on the rack were in a blaze.

5. Downstairs Mrs. West looked up from her book to listen.

"Listen!" said she. "I think I hear Dick singing."

6. "He is always singing," said Mr. West, laughing.

"Not when it is dark," said mamma. "Nora must have forgotten to turn down the light. I think I must go up and see what is the matter."

7. As Mrs. West opened the door into the children's room she was blinded and choked by the thick smoke which filled it. Through it, though more faintly now, came the canary's song. Mrs. West joined her voice to his in a cry of terror.

8. In less time than it takes to tell it, papa and Nora had come flying up the stairs, and the children were carried from their beds to a place of safety. The fire was soon put out.

9. "I thought I heard Dick singing," said Harry sleepily. "Where is he?"

"Yes, where is Dick?" asked mamma. "He has saved your lives by his singing."

10. Papa went back into the drenched and blackened room and turned up the light. Poor little Dick, frightened and wondering, but still brave and unhurt, piped up his shrill, sweet song. There were tears in papa's eyes as he brought the cage into the hall.

11. "Dear little Dick is quite safe," he said to Harry, "but he needs his sleep as much as you do. Shut your eyes now and go to sleep."

12. Then again the house was still. Mr. and Mrs. West were thanking God for the dear lives which had been spared to them. In the dark hall, with his yellow head once more tucked under his wing, Dick was fast asleep.

SO-SO

daugh'ter	sav'ings	crake	snuffed
al lowed'	stran'gers	Jo an'	ex act'ly
par tic'u lar	ob ject'	o blige'	in tend'ed
cu'ri ous		fu'ture	

1. "Be sure, my child," said the widow to her little daughter, "that you always do as you are told."

2. "Or, at any rate, do what will do just as well," said the small house dog as he lay blinking at the fire.

3. He was no particular kind of dog, but he was very smooth to stroke. So he was called So-so; and a very nice soft name it is.

4. One day the widow said to her little daughter: "I am going out for two hours. Shut the door and bolt the big wooden bar. If strangers come, So-so may bark, which he can do as well as a bigger dog; then they will go away."

5. "With this summer's savings I have bought a dress for you and a cloak for myself. If I

get the work I am going after to-day, I shall buy enough wool to knit warm stockings for us both. Be patient till I return. Then we will have the cake that is in the cupboard for tea."

6. Little Joan laid down her doll and shut the door and fastened the big bolt. The kitchen looked gloomy when she had done it.

7. "I wish mother had taken us with her, and had locked the door and put the key in her big pocket, as she has done before," said little Joan as she climbed into the rocking chair to put her doll to sleep.

8. By and by she grew tired of rocking her doll.

She sat down in front of the clock to watch the hands. After a while she drew a deep sigh.

"There are sixty seconds in every single minute, So-so," said she.

"So I have heard," said So-so.

"And sixty whole minutes in every hour, So-so."

"You don't say so!" growled So-so.

9. He snuffed in every corner of the kitchen, till he stood snuffing under the door.

"The air smells fresh," he said.

"It's a beautiful day, I know," said little Joan. "I wish mother had allowed us to sit on the doorsteps. We could have taken care of the house —"

"Just as well," said So-so.

10. Little Joan came to smell the air at the keyhole; as So-so had said, it smelled very fresh.



Besides, one could see from the window how fine the evening was.

11. "It's not exactly what mother told us to do," said Joan, "but I do believe —"

"It would do just as well," said So-so.

12. Little Joan unfastened the bar and opened the door. She and the doll and So-so went out and sat on the doorstep.

13. Suddenly Joan jumped up. "Oh!" cried she; "there's a bird, a big bird. Dear So-so, can you see him? What a queer noise he makes! Crake! crake!"

14. "He is not flying; he is running, and he has gone into the corn! I do wish I were in the corn! I would catch him and put him in a cage."

15. "I'll catch him," said So-so, and he started off.

"No, no!" cried Joan. "You must stay and take care of the house, and bark if any one comes."

16. "You could scream, and that would do just as well," replied So-so.

"No, it would n't!" cried little Joan.

"Yes, it would," said So-so.

17. Just then an old woman came up to the door. She had a brown face, and black hair, and a very old red cloak.

"Good evening, my little dear," said she. "Are you all at home this fine evening?"

18. "Only three of us," said Joan; "I and

my doll and So-so. We are taking care of the house, but So-so wants to run after the bird we saw run into the corn."

19. "Was it a pretty bird, my little dear?" asked the old woman.

"It was a very curious one," said Joan. "I should like to go after it myself, but we can't leave the house."

20. "I have some distance to go this evening," said the old woman, "but I do not object to a few minutes' rest. I will sit on the doorstep to oblige you, while you run down to the cornfield."

21. "But can you bark if any one comes?" asked little Joan. "If you can't, So-so must stay with you."

"I can tell you and the dog if I see any one coming. That will do just as well," said the old woman.

"So it will," replied little Joan.

22. Off she ran to the cornfield, where So-so had run before her. He was bounding and barking and springing among the stalks.

23. They did not catch the bird, though they stayed longer than they had intended.

"I dare say mother has come home," said little Joan as they went back up the field path. "I hope she won't think we ought to have stayed in the house."

24. "It was taken care of," said So-so, "and that must do just as well."

When they reached the house the old woman had gone. She had taken the dress, and the cloak, and the cake away with her. No more was ever heard of them.

25. "In the future, my child," said the widow, "I hope you will always do just as you are told, whatever So-so may say."

"I will, mother," said little Joan. But the house dog sat and blinked.

26. I do not feel quite sure about So-so. When any one begins by being only So-so he is very apt to be So-so to the end. But this one was very smooth and soft, and we hope that he lived to be a good dog.

THE BOYHOOD OF WASHINGTON — I

plan ta'tion

six'teen

mean'time

Feb'ru a ry

a'cres

wil'der ness

Law'rence

trails

sur veyed'

ad mired'

mus'cles

no'ble man



1. George Washington was born in Virginia, February 22, 1732.

His father lived on a plantation. This was like a great farm, with negro slaves to do the work.

2. When George was eleven years old his father died. Seven children were left to the wise and loving care of the good mother.

3. The two eldest boys had been sent to England to school. But now there was not money enough to send George. He must go to school in Virginia.

4. George liked to ride on horseback, and was very fond of all outdoor sports. No other boy of his age could run so fast or throw a stone so far.

5. His elder brother, Lawrence Washington, loved him very much. He liked to see the lad's strong muscles, but he wished him to know something of books too.

6. "A gentleman must know books as well as horses and guns," he used to say to George. So the boy, to please his brother, began to study with all the zeal that he had put into his outdoor life.

7. He longed to go to sea, but when he saw that the plan troubled his mother he gave it up. Though he had a strong will of his own, he did not always insist upon having his own way.

8. Now it happened that an English nobleman had come to live in Virginia. This was Lord

Fairfax. George loved and admired him very much. He was an old man, but he could shoot and ride as well as any Virginia planter.

9. Lord Fairfax had bought a great many acres of land in America. This land was a lonely wilderness. He wished to have it surveyed.

10. George had studied surveying at school and by himself afterward. Lord Fairfax knew that he was used to the woods, and that he was strong and fearless, so the work was given to him to do.

11. He was only sixteen years old, but he went out into the wild country with a brave heart. He had a few men to help him, for it was hard work. The spring rains had filled the rivers, and there were only Indian trails through the woods.

12. But, in a month, Washington was back again with the maps Lord Fairfax wanted. There was no lack of work for him now. He had made a place for himself in the world by learning to do something useful and by doing it well.

THE BOYHOOD OF WASHINGTON — II

claimed	dis cour'aged	rap'id ly
French	com pan'ion	fail'ure

1. It happened, about this time, that France and England claimed the same land. The French and English kings had been giving away parts of the new country without knowing very much about it; and now the French were building forts on English ground.

2. Some one must be sent to warn the French that if they did not go away there would be trouble. The man who went on that errand must be brave and wise and careful.

3. George Washington? Yes, it was possible that George Washington could do it. So the young man set out on the difficult journey. It was winter. The French fort to which he was sent with his warning message was more than two hundred miles away.

4. There were no good roads through the woods. Sometimes there were no cut roads at all. There were always wild animals and

Indians to be feared. But the little party of men pushed on, through rain and snow. They felt that Washington would bring them safe to their journey's end.

5. At last they came to the French fort. Washington gave his message. The answer was what he thought it would be. The French soldiers meant to stay where they were, though they were very polite in saying so.

6. Washington went back as rapidly as he could. Across the weary miles that lay between him and home he made his way with a single companion. His feet were sore, but he met every ill cheerfully, as a brave man should.

7. Perhaps he was discouraged at his failure to drive the French soldiers away. Perhaps, as he came near his home, he felt that all his hard work had been in vain.

8. But no good work is ever in vain. When the need came, as it soon did, for an honest worker, a brave soldier, and a wise man, the whole country turned to Washington.

THE BANNER AND THE CARPET

roy'al march'es ban'ner re ward' he'roes

The royal banner bent his head,
And to the royal carpet said :
“In the palace at Bagdad
Different duties we have had ;
Different, too, is our reward,
Though servants both of one great lord.
While the storms beat on my head,
For a queen's feet you are spread.
I, on marches blown and torn,
Into the jaws of death am borne.
You are kept from dust and rains,
Battles, winds, and rents and stains.
Yours, a calm and happy life ;
Mine is full of pain and strife.”
Then the royal carpet said :
“You to heaven may lift your head.
I lie here beneath men's feet,
A slave to tread on and to beat ;
You, in battle's stormy night,
May lead heroes to the fight.”

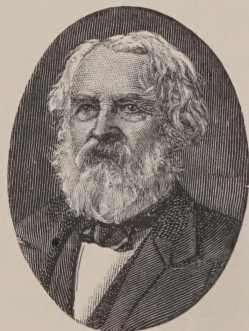
WILLIAM R. ALGER.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW — I

trus tees'	tire'some	nine'teen
pro fes'sor	col'lege	feel'ings
might'i er	el'e gy	suc ceed'

1. In Portland, Maine, more than a hundred years ago, a boy was born who became a great poet.

2. Perhaps when he was a little boy he hoped to be a sailor or a soldier. He loved the sea and the stories of the sea fights which were going on at that time.



3. But it is a greater thing after all to be a poet, though it may not seem so at first. An English writer has said that "the pen is mightier than the sword," and in many ways this is true. General Wolfe, looking up at the walls of Quebec, said he would rather have written Gray's "Elegy" than succeed in taking the city.

4. Abraham Lincoln heard a poem of Longfellow's one day. As he listened to the lines his eyes filled with tears. At first he could not

speak. Then he said simply, "It is a wonderful gift to be able to stir men like that."

5. Whatever the young poet did, he did as well as he possibly could. In college he once spent a great many days over a single lesson. It was a Latin poem which he changed into English. When it was read one of the trustees of the college said: "There is a man we need for a professor. Some day we must have him."

6. And when Longfellow was only nineteen years old he became a professor in his own college. From there he went to Harvard College. He lived in Cambridge many years. Every one who knew him loved him. He listened to long and tiresome stories; he remembered to tell his friends all the pleasant things he heard about them; he was careful to hurt nobody's feelings.

7. He wrote many beautiful poems. Some of them are true stories, for he liked best to write of things that had really happened. Of all the poets of America, Longfellow is the most widely known and loved.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW — II

ques'tion	earn'est ly	wreck
Hi a wa'tha	Hes'pe rus	po'et ry

1. It was a spring day in the year 1882. Some Cambridge school children were going home, laughing and talking as they went.

2. Suddenly one of them stopped, with her finger on her lip. "Hush!" she said; "we must talk softly. Mr. Longfellow is very ill."

3. The children looked up sadly at the great square house. They knew that the kind old man that they loved so much would never be well again. Softly and without a word they crept past the gate.

4. "Who is Mr. Longfellow?" asked a little boy, when they had gone a long way in silence. The children looked at him with pity.

5. "If you lived in Cambridge, you would not ask that question," one of them said gently. "He wrote 'Hiawatha' and 'The Wreck of the Hesperus' and 'The Children's Hour.'"

6. "And 'The Village Blacksmith,'" added one of the older boys proudly. "We gave him a chair made out of that same chestnut tree, and he liked it."

7. The little boy's face lighted up. "I know that poem," he said eagerly. "Have you really seen the man who wrote it? Does he live in that house?"

8. "Of course we have seen him," said one of the girls. "He sits out there on the veranda with his beautiful white hair and smiling eyes and talks to us. He is never too busy to see us when we go by."

9. There was a little sob in her voice. She had forgotten for a moment that the smiling eyes would see them no more.

10. "I should like to see a poet," said the little boy. "Is he just like other people?"

11. "Just like other people, only a great deal better," said the girl earnestly. "He is as careful of everything and everybody as if the whole world were poetry to him, — Mr. Longfellow is, I mean. He is the only poet I ever knew."

THE KING OF BIRDS

ea'gle	ey'rie	swoops	rob'bing
steep'est	dives	strewn	em'blem
grace'ful	prey	fam'ine	Ire'land
sel'dom		strug'gling	

1. As the lion is called the king of beasts, so the eagle is called the king of birds. The most beautiful and powerful of all the eagles is the Golden Eagle.

2. Its feathers are edged with a yellowish-brown, which gives the bird its name. Its wings are so strong that its flight is wonderfully easy and graceful.

3. It may be seen about the high mountain tops of Scotland, where it makes its nest on the steepest cliffs.

4. The nest is a rough one built of large sticks and branches piled together; it is called an eyrie.

5. Here is the family home, and rarely does the eagle build a new nest. He lives here year after year, true to his mate, and

only leaving the wild, lonely rocks when he is looking for food.

6. The eagle's eyes are very brilliant and keen. When once he has seen his prey he very seldom misses his aim. He swoops down upon the poor rabbit or lamb and holds it fast in his terrible claws. If he has little ones in the nest, he carries home his prize.

7. Young eagles are very hungry birds, and their parents bring home so much for them to eat that the rocks around the nest are strewn with the food.

8. Once, during a famine in Ireland, a man kept his family from starving by robbing an eagle's nest. If the eagle had caught him, the man might have been killed, so powerful are the strong claws and the curved beak.

9. The White-headed Eagle has been chosen as the emblem of our country. The feathers upon its head, neck, and tail are pure white. At a little distance the bird looks as if it were bald, and it is often called the Bald Eagle; but this is not a true name.

10. This eagle eats fish, but it does not take the trouble to catch them. Perched upon some high tree near the shore, the eagle sees a fish-hawk flying low over the sea.



11. Soon the hawk dives into the waves. When he comes up again with a struggling fish, the eagle is ready for him.

Vainly does the hawk try to keep his fish. Back and forth, up and down, flies the hawk, followed by the eagle.

12. At last the hawk is tired out. He drops his fish, which is caught by the eagle before it can reach the water. Away goes the eagle far out of sight. I dare say that he tells his young eagles that fishing is very hard work.

WAS IT THE GOOD BEAR?—I

griz'zlies	low'lands	jag'ged
gleams	o be'di ent ly	es cape'
cy'press	gray'ish	top'pled
dai'ly	muz'zle	wailed
mud'dy	loll'ing	pit'e ous

1. Mother Wild's stories were always of good bears and bad bears, never of black bears nor grizzlies. And Claude told the often-told story so well that at last Baby Sister was quite willing to go home.

2. The children were now walking hand in hand through the forest. I can see exactly how they looked. I can see the forest. The sun strikes narrow gleams of silver out of the black pool to the right, and paints softer and brighter the soft, bright green of the moss on the cypress trees.

3. This is the place that Claude's mother tells him daily to shun, for in that muddy water two children might sink and die.

4. They had reached the lowlands, and Claude,



who obediently kept on the higher ground, was lifting Baby Sister in order to carry her across a muddy place, when — a dreadful thing happened!

5. Claude saw a bear, a real flesh and blood, fur and claws bear! He was coming at a gentle pace through the trees, a huge bulk of grayish black, with black muzzle and a red, red tongue lolling between two jagged white saws of teeth.

6. Claude's heart bumped against his ribs. His thin legs shook so that he nearly dropped Baby Sister. Was the Bad Bear come to eat them at last?

7. In one swift glance he saw the only chance of escape. A log floated on the water of the hollow, one end almost touching the dry ground, the other against a tree.

8. Baby Sister had seen the bear now. She was sure that it was the Bad Bear coming to eat her because she had been naughty. She clung to Claude, trembling so that she nearly toppled him over, and wailed, "Oh, don't let bear eat Baby!" in a piteous voice.

WAS IT THE GOOD BEAR?—II

mount'ed	grunt'ed	pre'cious	mor'sel
heaved	cir'cus	nib'bled	clev'er ly

1. How poor little Claude was able to carry that fat and frightened baby over the wet log is hard to tell. But he did it, and crawled up beside her on a low branch. Yes, the bear was coming. He mounted the log. He was walking on the log.

2. "Mamma! mamma!" screamed the frightened baby.

"Look! look!" cried Claude; "he's caught in the mud!"

3. Sure enough, the bridge sank under the big bear, and there he was, fast in the mud. He heaved and plunged until he got two paws upon the log, but he could do no more. He stood looking at the children with a sleepy and gentle stare.

4. But as Claude looked at his mild eyes, a wonderful thought came to him. Was it the Bad Bear?

5. "Please, sir," said Claude, "are you the Good Bear?" The bear grunted.

"What, sir?" said Claude with eager politeness.

"Ur-r-r!" said the bear.

6. "He really looks like the circus bear," thought the little boy, — which it is very likely he did, being the circus bear himself. He had escaped, and even now was being looked for by bands of men.

7. "Please, Mr. Good Bear," said Claude, "won't you get up and go away?"

Never a word answered the bear. He blinked his eyes and that was all. Sadly Claude took out his precious cake.

8. "If you'll please go away, Mr. Good Bear, I'll give you this," said Claude. "It is a nice cake. I was going to give it to mamma for Christmas, but if you'll let us get by I'll throw it to you. Shall I throw it, sir?"

9. The bear grunted and reared himself on his hind legs ready to catch. Indeed, this was one of his most famous tricks.

10. Claude raised the cake. How beautiful

it looked with all that white candy on top! He was five years old and he had never tasted plum cake! He couldn't let it all go. He nibbled one wee morsel before he flung the cake, swift and true, at the great black head.

11. The bear swung his jaws at it and caught it cleverly. And, as if he wished to please such a good little boy, he made a vast heave and splash, trying to climb out of the mud.

In vain! He was held tight.

WAS IT THE GOOD BEAR?—III

tre men'dous	yelled	clam'bered	loy'al
sad'dle-bow	wal'nuts	pecan'-nuts	las'so

1. Up to this moment Baby Sister had been quiet; now she screamed again.

"It's of no use, Mr. Good Bear!" said Claude, "you can't help it. We'll all scream together for folks to come and help."

2. The bear seemed ready, for he gave a tremendous howl. Claude screamed his loudest, while Baby Sister yelled like a steam whistle.

3. Again and again Claude shouted. Baby Sister cried until she could cry no more; then she sobbed. Had not Claude held her, she must have tumbled from the tree.

4. His thin arms burned with the strain. He knew Baby Sister would never walk past the bear of which he felt now no fear. It did not enter his loyal little heart to escape without her.

There was nothing to do but to keep calling for help. His voice grew faint, and tears of mingled pain and weariness were streaming down his cheeks.

5. Hark! Away to the left rang an answer to his call, and dashing through the wood came a young man on horseback. In a moment the lasso at his saddle-bow whizzed through the air and settled upon Mr. Good Bear's neck.

6. "Oh, please don't hurt him!" said Claude. "It's the Good Bear."

7. Colonel Ormond was close behind. He rolled up another log for the bear, and after a deal of struggling and pulling he clambered upon it.

8. Safe on the shore, the bear put his head down and followed the horses like a dog. Claude called out warmly, "Thank you, Mr. Good Bear; I wish you well, sir."

9. Later in the day he told Colonel Ormond the whole story and heard in return how Mr. Good Bear had been sent back to his circus home.

10. "Was he lost?" asked Claude.

"Yes," said his friend, "he was lost and the circus people offered a reward of fifty dollars for him. We think that you should have the reward and here it is. He might have done a great deal of harm if it had not been for you."

"The bear wouldn't hurt anybody," said Claude. "He was the Good Bear."

11. Who knows? Perhaps he was. Claude is busy gathering walnuts and pecan-nuts for the next coming of the circus, when he hopes to see his friend and present his gifts.

"Because I love Mr. Good Bear!" says Claude.

WILD ROSE OF CAPE COD—I

stilts schoon'er sig'nal
 hail'ing scarf

1. Nearly twenty-five years ago there lived on Cape Cod a little girl whose name was Wild Rose. Her father was Captain Richard Rose, and he had been away on a fishing trip.

2. Wild was twelve years old, and her brother Dick was ten. They lived in a tiny house in a hollow in the sand. There was a high fence around it to keep the sand from covering it up, and outside the fence were piles of seaweed to shut out the cold wind.

3. The house itself was built upon posts, so that it looked as if it were on stilts; but inside it was as snug and warm as any fisherman's cabin on the Cape.

4. Out on the bleak shore, a mile away, stood Highland Light, and all around, as far as sight could reach, were miles of sand and sea.

5. It was a cold night in December. Mrs. Rose was watching the clouds anxiously, and

Wild was looking for her brother, who had gone over to the Light for news.

6. Every day Dick climbed up to the lighthouse to look through the spyglass at the "Katie." The "Katie" was Captain Rose's fishing schooner, and she was frozen fast in the ice, within sight and almost within hailing distance of the land.

7. Six weeks the schooner had been there, and no one on shore could tell whether six weeks more might not go by before the ice let go its hold.

8. Every night Dick had come back from the Light with the cheerful news, "No signal up yet." "No signal up yet" meant that there was still food to eat and wood to burn on the "Katie."

9. But to-night Dick's feet dragged slowly in the sand. He came in with his red scarf tied snugly about his ears, and his cheeks rough and cold, but he did not speak.

10. Mrs. Rose knew that he had bad news.

"Is it the signal, Dick?" she asked.

Dick nodded. "I'll get out to her tomorrow and find out what's the matter," he said fiercely.

11. "Oh, Dick, you can't!" said Wild; and Mrs. Rose shook her head.

"We must wait and be patient," she said sadly. "I hope your father is well. Hungry and cold he is, of course, but it is hard to think he may be sick."

12. "I wish a big wind would crack that ice!" said Dick.

"Yes," cried Wild, with scorn, "and crack father's boat in a minute!"

"Oh, dear," said Dick; "it's so hard to wait!"

WILD ROSE OF CAPE COD—II

twine	good-na'tured ly	road'way
vexed		ac'tu al ly

1. That night, when Dick was almost asleep, Wild called to him from her room.

"Dick!" said she softly, "I've thought of a way to reach the 'Katie.'"

2. Dick was sitting up in a moment. "How?" he asked eagerly.

"You know that hank of net twine," began Wild.

"Yes," said Dick, greatly disappointed. "You can't throw that over to them."

3. "When the wind blows right," went on Wild.

"What then, Wild Rose?" asked Dick with impatience.

"Send a kite over," finished Wild calmly.

"Whew!" said Dick, sinking back into his warm bed again.

4. The next day it snowed. At noon Wild peeped into the net room. On the floor was the frame of a huge kite.

"Oh, Dick!" she cried; "are you going to try it?"

5. For a moment Dick was vexed that she had seen it before it was finished. Then he said pleasantly:

"Come in and help, Wild. It's your idea, after all."

6. They made the kite of stout paper, and on it they wrote loving messages to their father. Before night it was done.

7. "But there is nothing hanging down from it for the men to reach," said Wild. "Tie some long strings to it, Dick."



So half a dozen strings were tied on, and Wild and Dick went to bed.

8. In the morning the wind was just right. Dick carried the kite up to the hill where the lighthouse stood. The men along the shore were very glad to help him with it.

9. "It's no harm to try it," they said good-naturedly.

Away went the great kite as the string was let out; away and away until it was actually within reach of the crew of the "Katie." Then a shout of joy went up from the shore.

10. The cord was doubled, and food in small bundles was sent along this strange roadway, until once more the "Katie" had bread and meat and tea, and miles of net twine lay upon her deck.

11. A few days later Captain Rose was safe at home again. An eager crowd came out to welcome him.

12. "We had nothing to eat for two days," he said, as he held Wild close in his strong arms and Dick danced about them for joy. "Whose idea was the kite?"

"Wild's!" shouted Dick.

13. "Dick made it," said Wild. "I could n't make a kite."

But nobody heard her, for the air was ringing with the cry:

"Long live Wild Rose of Cape Cod!"

TWO FAIRIES — I

sub'jects	gauze	con trol'
ap proach'	reign	in'stance
a midst'	glade	ex ist'ence

1. One midsummer day little May went to play in a woodland glade near her father's house. In this green glade was a circle of darker green, where, some people said, the fairies danced by moonlight.

2. May stepped into the middle of the ring, and wished that she might see a fairy.

3. May had no sooner formed her wish than she saw a beautiful shining lady approach from amidst the trees.

4. She was dressed in silver gauze. Her face was pleasant, and she had a voice like a silver bell.

5. "You have your wish, May," said the lady, smiling. "I am the fairy Speech."

"Are you a queen?" asked May.

6. "Yes; I reign over many subjects. They

are a little race, but their wings are swift, and they do a great deal of work in the world."

7. "May I see them?"

"You may see those whom you sent into my kingdom. You gave them life when they sprang out of your mouth. But now you have no more control over them; they belong to me."

8. As she spoke a host of tiny, silver-winged sprites flew toward her and dropped to the ground at her feet.

9. "See, here are your speeches!" said the fairy. "Some are pretty enough; this one, for instance," and she took up a shining little elf.

10. "This is the 'Thank you' you said to your mother this afternoon, for trusting you here alone. This still prettier one is the little speech in which you forgave your baby brother for having broken your doll.

11. "This one, beautiful but sad, you called into existence when you asked pardon for having been a naughty girl. It is sad because you did not like it, but it is the dearest and the best of all."

TWO FAIRIES — II

imp'ish	re frain'	false'hood
state'ly	be ware'	de spised'
tis'sue	crouched	pres'ence
com pas'sion		col lec'tion
dis a gree'a ble		im mor'tal

1. "Oh, dear!" cried May, looking troubled, "I never thought my speeches would have lives of their own."

"They are immortal," replied the fairy; "therefore, beware how you let fly into the world such an ugly one as this."

2. The fairy showed a black, impish-looking sprite which crouched on the ground.

3. "That is the falsehood you told, May, when you said you had n't broken the cup, and it is not the only ugly imp in the collection. This one is a very unkind speech you made your friend Katy, and this is a rude answer you made your mother."

4. "And are they, too, immortal?" May sobbed. "Must they live to be hated and despised?"

"Yes, they are immortal," said the fairy Speech; "but perhaps my sister will take compassion on them. She is far more patient than I am."

5. "What is her name?" asked May.

"Silence."

"May I see her?"

"I do not command her, but I can beg for her presence. Sister Silence?"

6. There was a wonderful hush; even the birds ceased singing. Presently a stately lady moved toward them. She outshone her sister as the sun outshines the moon. Her robes were not of silver, but golden tissue.

7. "I must speak for my sister," said the fairy Speech, "for her language is not that of mortals. Remember what I tell you, May.

"Whenever you say a pleasant, good-natured, or unselfish thing, you please me; but whenever you refrain from a disagreeable, spiteful, or untruthful word, you please her; and this is better; for although Speech is silver, Silence is golden."

MARGARET COLLIER.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

Bet'ty

Bos'ton

har'bor

con'tra ry

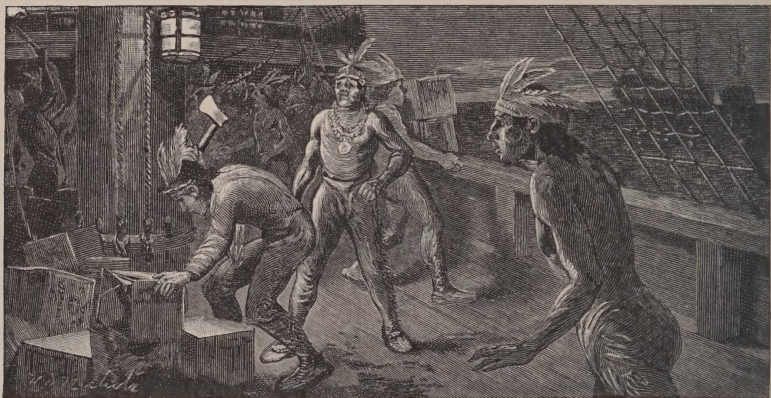
ex'cel lent

be yond'

re mark'a ble

rasp'ber ry

trun'dle-bed



1. Betty was coming home from church, swinging her father's hand as she walked. It was in Boston, one Sunday morning in December, many years ago.

2. "Oh, father!" said the little maid. "See that great ship in the harbor!"

"Yes," said her father, walking faster as he spoke. "That is the tea ship."

3. "But I thought we were not going to drink any more tea," said Betty. "Mother said

we must learn to like raspberry leaves, since King George had made us pay the tax."

4. "King George cannot make us pay the tax if we do not buy the tea, little daughter. Run home now with mother, like a good girl, and I will come by and by. Button your cloak about your neck. This east wind is sharp and cold."

5. A few nights after this Betty had a strange dream. She thought that she was in her little trundle-bed, watching her mother as she sat sewing in the next room. Suddenly the outer door opened and an Indian in war paint and feathers came into the room.

6. Betty looked at her mother, expecting to see her start in terror. On the contrary, she went on sewing quietly, as if no one had come in. Betty could not believe her eyes.

7. "Did they succeed?" asked her mother at last.

"We succeeded," was the answer, in excellent English for an Indian, Betty thought. "We threw it all into the harbor."

8. "All of it?" went on Betty's mother.

“Every bit,” said the Indian, “and a good night’s work it was too!” Then he went into the kitchen beyond, and Betty knew no more till morning.

9. She did not like to speak of her dream, lest her mother might think she had eaten too much seedcake the night before. But another strange thing happened that morning.

10. Betty was playing “soldier” with her red cloak, a tin sword, and her father’s boots. When her mother called her to dinner she pulled off the big boots in a hurry. Something fell out on the clean floor.

11. “Why, mother!” said Betty. “Why, mother! there’s tea in father’s boots.”

“Is there?” said Betty’s mother calmly, as if there were nothing remarkable in that. “Well, father went to a tea party last night.”

12. Betty longed to ask a dozen questions, but in those days children were often told that they were to be seen and not heard; so little Betty sat down to her dinner in silence.

“It must have been a funny tea party,” she thought, but she did not say a word.

LITTLE BY LITTLE

cor'al	im prov'ing	wis'dom
sipped	cease'less ly	em ploy'
ap pear'	treas'ured	balm'y
depths	ver'dure	in'sect

“Little by little,” an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed;
“I am improving day by day,
Hidden deep in the earth away.”
Little by little each day it grew;
Little by little it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent out a thread-like root;
Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear;
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea
An insect train worked ceaselessly;
Grain by grain, they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell;

Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to rest or to play.
Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,
Till the top looks out on the sunny sky;
The gentle wind and the balmy air
Little by little bring verdure there;
Till the summer sunbeams gayly smile
On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.

“Little by little,” said a thoughtful boy,
“Moment by moment I’ll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play;
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
‘Whatever I do, I will do it well.’
Little by little I’ll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago;
And one of these days perhaps we’ll see
That the world will be the better for me.”
And do you not think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and useful man?

THE ENCHANTED SWORD

wretch'ed	an'vil	breadth
jew'eled	Ec'tor	St. Paul
Arch bish'op	Can'ter bur y	

1. It was Christmas time in England nearly fourteen hundred years ago. England was not a happy place in those days.

There was no king, there was no law, there was only fighting among the rich and powerful lords, and suffering among the poor and wretched people.

2. The lords were strong and cruel. Many of them were called kings, and they fought among themselves to see which of them was strong enough to rule them all and to be king of England.

3. Now, at this time, the head of the English church was a good and wise man. He was called the Archbishop of Canterbury.

When he saw how unhappy the poor people were he longed to do something for them. So he asked Merlin, the enchanter, what could be

done to keep the wicked lords from working so much harm.

4. "It is time," said Merlin, "to find a king for England."

"How shall we find a king?" asked the Archbishop.

5. "Send to all the lords of England and tell them to come to London at Christmas," said Merlin. "Tell them it shall be shown to them who shall be king."

6. So the lords met in the great church of London and heard mass, and still they did not know who was to be king. But, as they walked about, they saw a huge block of stone in the churchyard.

7. On the top of the stone there was an anvil, and in the anvil was a shining sword stuck straight through the anvil and the stone. On the sword was written in letters of gold, "He who can draw this sword shall be king of all England."

8. Then many of the lords pulled at the sword with all their might, but none could stir it.

9. The Archbishop was pleased, for he knew that none of them was fit to be the king of England.

“The true king is not here,” said the Archbishop, “but I know that he will come soon.”

10. So he set a tent over the stone and chose ten knights to watch it night and day. But



though many persons came, both rich and poor, not one could move the sword a hair's breadth from its place.

11. Now it happened that there came riding into London old Sir Ector and his sons Kay and Arthur. And, as they rode, Kay found that he had forgotten to bring his sword.

12. "I beg of you, Arthur," said he, "that you will ride back to my father's house and get my sword."

13. Arthur, being a kind-hearted younger brother, turned back willingly, but when he came to the house he found it locked. Then he remembered that in St. Paul's churchyard he had seen a sword sticking in the stone.

14. "That will do as well as another," he said.

He rode to the churchyard and tied his horse while he went for the sword. He did not stop to read the words written upon it. He simply pulled it out of the stone and carried it to Kay.

15. The ten knights who were to watch the stone night and day were not there. They had grown tired of watching an enchanted sword, which no one could move.

16. When Kay saw the writing on the sword he ran to his father.

"It is I," he cried, "who shall be king of England!"

"Tell me, Kay," said Sir Ector, "how did you get this sword?"

17. Kay, who was an honest lad, after all, answered, "Arthur brought it to me."

"It is no such great matter," said Arthur. "I will show you where I found it."

18. Arthur led them back to the stone. There was no hole in the iron, but as soon as Arthur touched the anvil with the point of the sword, it sank deep into its place.

Then Sir Ector pulled at it with all his might, and after him Sir Kay, but both of them pulled in vain.

19. Arthur, when they had tried again and again, laid his hand lightly on the jeweled hilt and drew it forth at once.

Then Sir Ector fell down upon his knees before young Arthur.

20. "My own dear father," cried Arthur, "why do you kneel to me?"

"I am not your own father," said Sir Ector, "though I love you as much as I do my own son Kay. Now that you are to be king of England, promise me that you will be kind to Kay."

21. "Father," said Arthur, "if I am king, Kay

shall have charge of all my lands and castles as long as we both live."

22. When it was found that no one else could move the sword, the people cried out, "Long live King Arthur! We will have no other king!"



23. Then the Archbishop set the crown upon Arthur's head, and he, kneeling down, promised to be a true king to his people and to do justly to his life's end, as indeed he did.

PROSERPINA

Jove	Ha'des	char'i ot
tempt	Plu'to	maid'en
Et'na	Ce'res	ru'ined
Pro ser'pi na	de mands'	
pome'gran ate	swal'lowed	

1. Great Jove had shut up some giants in Mount Etna. Their hot, smoking breath came up through the earth, and the ground shook. Down in Hades King Pluto heard the noise and was afraid.

2. "This will never do," he said. "If the sunlight comes to my kingdom I am ruined. Bring me my golden chariot and my coal-black horses. I will go up and see what is the matter."

3. When he came out into the light he saw a young girl filling her apron with flowers.

4. "Nothing can be wrong up here," thought Pluto, "or this sweet little maiden would be afraid. She is as lovely as a spring morning. I think I will carry her home with me."

5. So, shading his eyes from the light, King Pluto drove his chariot across the meadow and caught Proserpina in his arms.



6. She had no time to run away. Already the coal-black horses were on their way to Hades, and soon they were in the very heart of the earth. Proserpina had screamed once for her mother. Now she was still and sad.

7. King Pluto tried to make her happy. He showed her shining gold and silver, jewels and

precious stones, but she did not care for them. They were not half so lovely as her lost flowers.

8. When they reached King Pluto's palace he ordered a grand feast to be made for Proserpina, but she would eat nothing. The poor little girl longed for her mother Ceres and her own dear home.

9. Ceres, meanwhile, was hunting everywhere for her lost daughter. When she heard that Pluto had carried Proserpina away, Ceres was angry.

She said that nothing should grow upon the earth until her daughter came home.

10. This was very hard for the people on the earth. They worked for days, but nothing would grow. So they begged great Jove to help them.

11. When Jove found that Ceres would let nothing grow until her daughter came back, he sent a messenger to Pluto.

12. Six months had gone by, and in all that time Proserpina would not eat a bit of food.

Pluto was really afraid that she would make herself ill, so he sent up to the earth to find

some fruit to tempt her. Alas! only one poor pomegranate was to be found.

13. Proserpina, by this time, was very hungry. When the messenger from Jove arrived she had just taken a single bite of the fruit.

14. "Great Jove demands that you send Proserpina back to her mother," said the messenger, "unless she has eaten something in your house, which would prove that she stays willingly."

15. Poor Proserpina! How sorry she was that she had swallowed that bit of pomegranate!

When Pluto saw that she was so unhappy, he said that she might stay half the year with her mother.

16. So Proserpina went back with the messenger, and Ceres let the flowers and grass grow once more upon the earth.

17. But, even now, during the six months that Proserpina is with King Pluto, Ceres lets no green thing come up out of the ground.



SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

un cared'-for	has'tened	lad'die	con tent'
some'bod y	throng	off'ered	gay'est
whis'pered	free'dom	tim'id	guid'ed

The woman was old and ragged and gray
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared-for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir.

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop —
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow ;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

"If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God be kind to the noble boy
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

THE DESERT ISLAND — I

ser'pents

cove

pud'ding

buffa loes

snatched

en chant'ing

scram'bled



1. There are a good many of the Browns, and they live at a place on the seacoast called Timber Cove. There are rocks and sand and surf, and these jolly little Browns were always on the beach.

2. There was a book which the Brown children liked to read, which was about an island. They were quite sure that if they could only get out to a certain island which lay just in sight from

the shore, they should find all the things spoken of in the book, — tigers, serpents, buffaloes, and the rest.

3. One afternoon they were playing in a boat which was on the beach, — Reggy and Alice and Emmy and Jack and Nora and little Tom, the baby.

4. At last Emmy looked up and gave a scream. “Oh, Reggy!” she cried; “the boat is running away with us. Jump out, and pull it in again!”

5. But Reggy poked with a stick over the side of the boat and looked sober. The water was already over his head.

6. Then a bright thought came to him. “Don’t cry, Emmy,” said he. “Now we shall see the island. Just think what fun!” And he swung his hat and gave a great shout.

7. So the whole boat load shouted too, and began to talk of what they would do on the island. It was not long before they were near the shore.

8. As soon as they touched the island out they scrambled, not caring in the least when

two little waves snatched their boat and carried it off to sea again.

9. Nothing so enchanting had ever happened to the Brown family before! Up and down they ran, on the beach and in the woods. In less than two hours Reggy and Jack had a heap of fir cones higher than their heads. This was for a fire, only there were no matches. Alice and Emmy had filled their aprons with shells and pebbles, Nora was making a sand pudding, and baby Tom had twice been fished from a pool, as wet as a frog, and set up in the sun to dry.

THE DESERT ISLAND—II

toast'ed

but'tered

glid'ed

bis'cuit

hus'ky

a shore'

1. At last it began to grow late, and the little ones felt hungry.

“What shall we have for supper?” they asked.

2. Reggy took from his pocket a book. It was the one about the island. Reggy usually had it in his pocket.

"Let us see," he said, and read aloud, "We put some of the soup cakes with water into our iron pot —"

3. "We have n't any iron pot," said Alice.

"Nor any soap cakes," said Nora.

4. "Soup cakes, little goose!" cried Reggy. "Nobody eats soap. Well, then we must think of something else." And he read again, "We sat down to breakfast, toasted our biscuit, and made a hearty meal."

5. "Buttered toast is good!" cried Jack.

"But there is n't any butter," said Emmy.

"Nor any biscuit," added Alice timidly.

6. Reggy shut the book with a flap. "How in the world is a fellow going to get supper for you," said he, "so long as you keep telling him that there's nothing to eat?"

7. "I want my supper," wailed Nora, who was tired and hungry. Tom, too, began to cry, and for a while the older ones were at their wits' end to comfort the younger children. At last, however, the little ones fell asleep.

8. Later in the evening there was a flapping

of sails and a boat glided rapidly toward the island. On the deck was Mr. Brown.

9. "There is n't half a chance," he said to his men, as he sprang ashore. They went up and down the beach with lanterns, but no trace of the children's boat could be found.

10. At last, when hope was almost gone, the father came to where his little ones lay. There they were fast asleep, — Tom in Alice's lap and Nora held tight in Jack's arms.

11. The men lifted them, still fast asleep, and carried them carefully across the beach. In the early morning the boat reached Timber Cove, where stood a waiting figure in the dim light. It was poor Mrs. Brown, who all that night had stood there listening and looking off to sea.

12. "All safe, mother!" called Mr. Brown in a joyful, husky voice. But Mrs. Brown could not speak. When her husband laid little Tom in her arms and the others crowded about her, she kissed them and led them into the house without a word. She was crying for joy.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Adapted from "The New Year's Bargain." Copyright, 1871, by Roberts Brothers.

OLD HYLAX

Hy'lax	stag'ger	Pau'son
Gor'go	Hip po'nax	thick'et
brisk'ly	Ar ca'dia	pup'pies
Le'on	boar	

1. The name Hylax means "Barker," so that you will not be surprised when I tell you that old Hylax was a dog. He had grown so old and weak that he could no longer go out hunting with his master.

2. When the little girls patted him he would just open his eyes and wag his tail ever so little. But any one could see that he thought much more of Hipponax.

3. He would lift his head and try to lick the little boy's hand, and wag his tail quite briskly.

4. When Leon, the children's father, came to see him, the poor old dog used to stagger up on his feet and lift one of his paws for his master to shake. I am sure Hylax loved him with all the heart he had.

5. "Is Hylax very old?" said Gorgo to her father one day when they went to pay him their morning visit.

6. "Nearly twice as old as you are," said Leon. "Shall I tell you how I came to get him?"

"Yes, father!" cried all the children together.

7. "When I was a boy, I went with my father to pay a visit to an old friend of his in Arcadia. There are great woods in that country; and wild beasts, such as bears and wolves.

8. "My father and his friend were very fond of hunting; sometimes they used to take me with them. Our host, Pauson, gave me a little hunting spear all my own.

9. "One day Pauson and my father went after a great wild boar. It was a long journey, and they left me at home.

10. "Then I did a very silly thing. I got up early in the morning, and with my spear in my hand went into the wood.

11. "I had not gone half a mile when I heard a rustling in the thicket. There, right in front

of me, was a bear! It turned, looked at me, growled, and then trotted toward me.

12. "I knelt on one knee and planted my spear as firmly as I could upon the ground, and waited.



13. "When the bear was close to me it lifted itself upon its hind legs and tried to hug me.

14. "The point of my spear just pricked the bear's skin, and then the creature got its fore paws round me. Just at that moment it was knocked over by something that jumped on it from behind.

15. "This was a big dog that had been left behind with her puppies by the hunters. She had seen me go out and had followed me.

"What a fight she and the bear had! The bear was much the stronger, and when two woodcutters came by a few minutes afterwards the poor dog was nearly dead.

16. "As for me, I received no harm, except a fright that made me dream of bears for many a month to come.

17. "One of the little puppies was given to me. At first it was too young to lap, and I had to put the milk down its throat. That puppy is old Hylax."

18. That very evening when Leon and the children came to the dog's kennel he seemed dead. But when his master spoke to him he opened his eyes and wagged his tail. He drooped his ears just once, and then he died.

19. When the children looked at their father, they were almost frightened to see the big tears rolling down his cheeks.

PETITION OF THE SONG BIRDS

pe ti'tion

hum'bly

thrush

cur'rants

bob'o link

her'mit

1. We, the song birds of Massachusetts and their playfellows, make this our humble petition.

We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hopped about the roofs and looked in at the windows of the houses you have built for poor and sick and hungry people and little lame and deaf and blind children.

2. We have built nests in the parks you have made so beautiful for your poor children to play in.

3. Every year we fly a great way over the country, keeping all the time where the sun is bright and warm.

4. We are Americans just as you are. Some of us, like some of you, came from across the great sea, but most of us have lived here a long

while. Our fathers and mothers have always done their best to please your fathers and mothers.

5. Now we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Cruel boys destroy our nests and steal our eggs and our young ones.

6. People with guns lie in wait for us as if the place for a bird is not in the sky, alive. If this goes on, all the song birds will be gone.

7. Now we humbly pray that you will stop all this and will save us from our sad fate. You have already made a law that no one shall kill a harmless song bird. Will you please make another that no one shall wear our feathers? Your pretty girls are pretty enough without them.

8. We are told that it is as easy for you to make this law as for Blackbird to whistle. If you will, we know how to pay you a hundred times over. We will play about your gardens and flower beds. We will destroy the wicked insects and worms that spoil your currants and plums and roses.

9. We will give to you our best songs. Every June morning, Oriole and Bobolink will fly after you and make the day more delightful to you. When you sit on your porch Hermit Thrush and Wood Thrush will sing to you.

10. We know where we are safe. In a little while all the birds will come to live in Massachusetts again, and everybody who loves music will like to make a summer home with you.

GEORGE F. HOAR.

THE FOX AND THE CROW

bril'liant	in clined'	har'vest	squall
ven'tured	cun'ning	Rey'nard	dai'ry
a dapt'ed	flat'ter y	plum'age	di vine'

To a dairy a crow
Having ventured to go,
Some food for her young ones to seek,
Flew up to the trees
With a fine piece of cheese,
Which she joyfully held in her beak.

A fox, who lived by,
To the tree saw her fly,
And to share in the prize made a vow;
For, having just dined,
He for cheese felt inclined,
So he went and sat under the bough.



She was cunning, he knew,
But so was he too,
And with flattery adapted his plan;
For he knew if she'd speak
It must fall from her beak,
So, bowing politely, began:

“’Tis a very fine day;”
(Not a word did she say;)
“The wind, I believe, ma’am, is south;

A fine harvest for peas."

He then look'd at the cheese,
But the crow did not open her mouth.

Sly Reynard, not tired,
Her plumage admired:
"How charming! how brilliant its hue!
The voice must be fine,
Of a bird so divine—
Ah, let me just hear it, pray do!

"Believe me, I long
To hear a sweet song."
The silly crow foolishly tries:
She scarce gave one squall
When the cheese she let fall,
And the fox ran away with the prize.

JANE TAYLOR



AT THE SEASIDE — I

ad ven'ture	Fri'day	re trace'
im ag i na'tion	ex plor'ing	pas'sage
Rob'in son Cru'soe	jut'ting	ad vance'
scorn'ful ly	un trod'den	re treat'
pos ses'sion	pru'dent	an'kles

1. Toward the end of our holidays I had an adventure that I shall never forget.

2. One afternoon when I met Pet on the sands, I said:

“Look here, Pet; I’ve got a plan!”

“What is it?” said Pet, always eager for adventures.

3. “Let’s pretend to lose ourselves. You shall be Friday, and I’ll be Robinson Crusoe, and we’ll find a desert cave away from everybody.”

4. “But they’ll miss us,” said Pet.

5. “Let them miss us,” replied I scornfully. The desert island had taken possession of my imagination.

6. “But they’ll be angry with us.”

“Oh, no, they won’t! We shall be back in an hour. We shall say we went exploring.”

7. I led her toward a jutting part of the cliff which formed one little arm of a bay. Round the corner the sand was smooth and untrodden.

“This isn’t desert enough,” I said.



8. We ran across to the other horn of the bay. There we found ourselves in perfect solitude.

9. On all sides rose steep rocks; below were caves. We played about and explored the caves. Suddenly Pet said:

“Ben, was the tide going out?”

10. “Let’s see,” I said, for the first time beginning to think it prudent to retrace our steps.

11. We looked toward the cliff round which we had come into our bay. The water was close up to it. The tide was coming in.

12. "Run, Pet!" I shouted, and I set off at full speed. I arrived just in time, Pet following close behind me.

13. No sooner had I got round the cliff than the water closed the narrow passage. We were cut off on both sides; we could neither advance nor retreat.

14. We ran backwards and forwards in the hope of finding some ledge to climb above high-water mark; but the rocks were steep and smooth. Although we knew that it was of no use, we called and shouted till we were hoarse.

15. There was only one little foothold, and above that a sort of sloping platform, almost too high to reach. Had we been there, we should have been half under water at high tide.

A cold wave washed over our ankles where we stood.

AT THE SEASIDE — II

hal loa'	cheer'i ly	stead'ied
niche	clutched	ex cite'ment
waist	no'ticed	sink'ing
bod'i ly	grasped	slop'ing

1. I rushed to the place where I had noticed the ledge of rock. I knelt down with my hands buried in the water.

2. "Get on my back, Pet; there's a niche higher up for your foot. We'll try once more!"

3. She got on, and I rose slowly with her. She clambered on my shoulders. I steadied myself against the rock and stood upright. Pet's feet were on my shoulders.

4. The niche was at her waist, while I felt my feet sinking into the wet sand. I seized her legs tightly.

"Now," I cried, "hold quite stiff!"

5. I raised her bodily till her right hand grasped the upper ledge, and then she hoisted herself, with one foot in the niche.

6. I watched her, wild with excitement, forgetting my own peril. In another moment she sprang on the ledge with a cry of joy.

“I’m saved, Ben! How will you get up—how will you get up?”



7. The ledge turned out to be wider and less sloping than it looked from below. Pet lay down flat and, stretching her right arm as far down as she could, she cried cheerily:

“Take hold of my hand—I’ll pull you up.”

8. I clutched her hand, giving at the same time a spring. It was a terrible moment. I

felt Pet rolling almost over with my weight. I should have let go; but she would not.

9. With one hand in the niche and the other hand in hers, I scrambled up like a spider,—how, I cannot tell.

10. What joy was ours when I landed on the rocky ledge! And yet we were not saved. We might slip off and be drowned at any moment.

11. The wind was rising, and every moment the waves grew rougher and rougher. The ledge was soon flooded. We had to stand in the water, and every time we moved our feet slipped.

12. “Halloa! halloa! hold hard!” I had only time to look over my shoulder and see a boat rowing toward us when a big wave lifted us both off into the sea.

13. The next thing I remember was opening my eyes and finding myself lying in a boat. Pet was there too, wrapped in a sailor’s coat.

14. Well, the adventure was over, and neither of us was dead; but for days, for weeks, and months afterwards it was the talk of the house.

EXCALIBUR

cus'tom

Ex cal'i bur

reb'els

tu'mult

cour'te ous ly

thrust

sa'mite

scab'bard



1. Now it happened after Arthur was crowned king of England that the knights and lords met at a great feast.

2. And when, after the feast, Arthur began, as was the royal custom, to give gold and lands to those he would, they all rose and refused his gifts.

3. They said that they would take nothing from a low-born boy, but instead would give him good gifts of hard sword strokes.

4. Then a great tumult arose in the hall, and Arthur leaped up as a flame of fire against them. All his own knights drew their swords, and presently the rebels were driven out of the city gate. King Arthur broke his sword upon them in his rage.

5. When Arthur saw that the lords and knights still hated him and plotted against him, he said to Merlin, "I have need now of a terrible sword."

"Come, then, with me," said Merlin, "for there is a sword near by that I can gain for you."

6. So they rode out that night until they came to a fair and broad lake. In the midst of it King Arthur saw an arm thrust up, clothed in white samite, and holding a great sword in the hand.

"There is the sword I spoke of," said Merlin.

7. Then they saw a maiden floating on the lake in the moonlight.

"What maiden is that?" said the king.

"The Lady of the Lake," said Merlin, "for upon this lake there is a palace where she lives. When she comes near ask her for the sword."

8. Then the maiden came near to King Arthur, and he said courteously, "Lady, what sword is that which the arm holds above the water? I would it were mine, for I have no sword."

9. "Sir King," said the Lady of the Lake, "that sword is mine, and if you will give me whatever I shall ask of you at any time, you shall have it."

10. "By my faith," said the king, "I will give you whatever you ask."

"Then," said the maiden, "go into yonder boat and row to the sword. Take it and the scabbard too. As for my gift, I will ask it when I see my time."

11. So King Arthur and Merlin tied their horses to two trees and went into the boat. When they came to the sword King Arthur took it by the hilt, and the arm sank into the water.

"Draw the sword," said Merlin, and the king

drew it forth from the scabbard. The hilt was rich with jewels, and the blade was so bright that Arthur's eyes were dazzled by it. On one side of the blade were these words, "Take me"; but on the other side were these, "Cast me away."

12. "Which do you like better, the sword or the scabbard, Sir King?" asked Merlin.

"It is a fine scabbard, but any man must like the sword better," said Arthur. "It is a beautiful sword."

13. "It is the most beautiful sword in the world," said Merlin. "Its name is Excalibur. But guard well the scabbard also, since with that scabbard you can never be killed in battle, and should you be wounded your wounds will never bleed."

14. And Arthur's face was sad, but Merlin said, "Take, then, the sword and strike. The time to cast away is yet far off."

15. As they went Arthur looked back at the lake. The maiden was gone, the boat was gone; there was only the sound of the water lapping the rough crags and washing against the reeds.

THE LITTLE SPINNER

A rach'ne	foun'tains	un ter'ri fied
dyed	Mi ner'va	pat'terns
ac'o nite	god'dess	ad vised'
nymphs	dis guise'	ex'qui site

1. Arachne was a poor girl who was noted for her skill in weaving. Her father dyed the wool for her in exquisite shades of purple and other colors. Her work was not only beautiful when it was done, but beautiful in the doing.

2. The nymphs themselves would leave their streams and fountains to watch her at her work. It was plain that Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, who was also the greatest of weavers, must have taught the young girl.

3. "No," said Arachne, "my skill is my own. Let Minerva try hers with mine if she likes."

4. Minerva heard her and was angry. Putting on the disguise of an old woman, she appeared to Arachne and advised her to ask forgiveness of the great goddess.

5. "I am not afraid," said Arachne. "Let Minerva come and display her skill."

"She comes," said Minerva, throwing off her disguise.



6. The nymphs bent low before her. Arachne alone was unterrified. She grew pale, but she did not draw back.

7. The contest began. Each took her place. The web was fastened to the beam. The fine shuttle passed in and out among the threads. The rainbow itself was not more beautiful nor were its colors more wonderfully blended than were these glowing patterns.

8. Minerva wove upon her web a likeness of the twelve gods and a picture of herself with shield and spear. She made a butterfly that seemed to live, and upon whose wings the velvet nap might plainly be seen.

Arachne stood amazed at this display of skill. She had not a word to say.

9. The young girl had filled her web with pictures showing the faults of the gods. Minerva was now more angry than she had been before. Striking the web with her shuttle, she tore it in pieces. Then, touching the forehead of Arachne, she made the rash girl ashamed of what she had done. It was more than mortal could bear, and in her sorrow and despair Arachne hanged herself.

10. "No, you shall live," said Minerva, "but, lest you forget your fault, you shall hang for the rest of your life."

11. Sprinkling her with aconite, the goddess changed Arachne into a spider, forever spinning the thread by which she hangs.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

quoth	blithe	strain
de fraud'ed	con ver sa'tion	prate
cow'ard ly	reck'on	a non'
re joice'	Sol'o mon	

Quoth the boy: "I'll climb that tree,
And bring down a nest I know."

Quoth the girl: "I will not see
Little birds defrauded so.

Cowardly their nests to take,
And their little hearts to break,
And their little eggs to steal.

Leave them happy for my sake, —
Surely little birds can feel!"

Quoth the boy: "My senses whirl;
Until now I never heard
Of the wisdom of a girl
Or the feelings of a bird!

Pretty Mrs. Solomon,
Tell me what you reckon on
When you prate in such a strain;

If I wring their necks anon,
Certainly they might feel — pain ! ”

Quoth the girl : “ I watch them talk,
Making love and making fun,
In the pretty ash-tree walk,
When my daily task is done.
In their little eyes I find
They are very fond and kind.

Every change of song or voice
Plainly proveth to my mind
They can suffer and rejoice.”

And the little Robin-bird
(Nice brown back and crimson breast)
All the conversation heard,
Sitting trembling in his nest.
“ What a world,” he cried, “ of bliss,
Full of birds and girls, were this !
Blithe we ’d answer to their call ;
But a great mistake it is
Boys were ever made at all.”

WILLIAM R. ALGER.

BERGETTA'S MISFORTUNES—I

con tin'ued

re spect'ful

di rect'ly

still'ness

an ten'næ

ut'tered

Ber get'ta

un eas'i ly

toothed

in'stant ly

lob'ster



1. Old Bergetta lay asleep on the doorstep in the sun. Her two little white fore paws were gathered in under her chin. Now and then she lifted her sleepy lids and winked a little.

2. Presently a sound broke the stillness, very slight and far off, but she heard it and pricked up her pretty pink-lined ears.

3. Two men, bearing a large basket between them, came in sight, approaching the house from the beach. What could be inside that basket?

4. She got up, stretched herself, made her way to the back door, and went in. The basket stood in the middle of the floor. The three other cats sat near one another at a respectful distance from it.

5. Bergetta was n't afraid; she went slowly toward it. When quite close she became aware of a curious noise going on inside. She stopped and listened; all the other cats listened.

6. Suddenly a queer object thrust itself over the edge. Two long, dark, slender feelers waved about in the air. Two clumsy claws grasped the rim of the basket. By their help a bottle-green-colored body, with eight legs flying in all directions, rose into view. It was a living lobster.

7. The monster fell with a loud noise on the floor before Bergetta. She drew back in alarm, and then sat down at a safe distance to observe this strange creature.

8. For a long time all was still. The lobster lay motionless. "I need n't be afraid of that thing," thought she, "it does n't move any more."

9. Nearer and nearer she crept, the other cats watching her but not stirring. At last she reached the lobster.

10. Bergetta ventured to put out her paw and touch its hard shell. It took no notice of this, though it saw Bergetta with its queer eyes.

11. She tried another little pat. The lobster waved its long antennæ, or feelers, in the air.

12. That was charming. Bergetta was delighted. She gave him another little pat with her soft paw, and then boxed his ears, or the place where his ears ought to be.

13. Bergetta continued to tease him. This was fun! First with the right and then with the left paw she gave him little cuffs and pushes and pats.

14. At last he began to move his front claws uneasily. He thrust out his eight smaller claws and opened and shut the clumsy teeth of the larger ones in a way that was quite dreadful to behold.

15. "This is very funny," thought Bergetta. "I wonder what it means." She pushed her little white paw directly between the teeth of the larger claw which was opening and shutting slowly. Instantly the two sides snapped together.

16. Bergetta uttered a scream of pain, — her paw was caught and cut nearly through with the uneven toothed edge.

BERGETTA'S MISFORTUNES — II

as ton'ish ment

per mis'sion

dis cov'ered

clat'ter ing

op'po site

mer'ci less

dis tress'

ca'pers

skimmed

vi'sion



1. Crying with fear and distress, Bergetta danced about the room; and wherever Bergetta danced the lobster was sure to go too.

2. Up and down, over and across they went, while all the other cats made themselves as small as they could in the corners. Such a noise! Bergetta crying and the lobster clattering, and the two cutting such capers together!

3. At last some one heard the noise, and, coming to the rescue, thrust a stick between the clumsy teeth and loosened the grip of the merciless claw.

4. For days poor Bergetta went limping about, so lame she could hardly creep round the house.

5. When at last she began to feel a little better, she strayed one day into the same room. Seeing what she rightly guessed to be a pan of milk on the table, she jumped first into a chair and then upon the table. Naughty Bergetta!

6. Yes; the pan was full of milk not yet skimmed. How luscious! She did not wait for anybody's permission, but thrust her pink nose into the smooth, creamy surface.

7. Now it was washing day. Just under the edge of the table, behind Bergetta, a tub full of hot suds had been left.

8. She lifted her head after her first taste of the cream. Oh, horror! what did she see? Just opposite her on the table was another lobster with its long feelers bristling.

9. It had been boiled, by the way, but of course Bergetta could not know this fact. Bright scarlet, with its dull eyes pointed straight at her, it dawned upon Bergetta's terrified vision.

10. So eager had she been to look into the milk pan that she had not discovered it before. Now her fright was so great that she gave one leap backwards and fell splash! into the tub of warm suds.

11. With eyes, ears, nose, and mouth full of soapy foam, she crawled out of it and ran to the door and forth into the cold, leaving a long stream of suds in her wake.

12. Poor Bergetta! All the other cats came round her and stared at her with astonishment. If cats ever do laugh, they certainly laughed at Bergetta when she told them her morning's experience.

WILLIE WINKIE

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs, in his nightgown;
Tapping at the window, crying at the lock,
“Are the weans¹ in their beds? for it’s now ten
o’clock.”

Hey, Willie Winkie! Are you coming, then?
The cat is singing softly to the sleeping hen;
The dog is lying on the floor and does not even peep,
But here’s a wakeful laddie that will not fall asleep.

Anything but sleep, you rogue! — staring like the
moon,

Rattling in an iron jug with an iron spoon;
Rumbling, tumbling all about, crowing like a cock,
Shouting like I don’t know what, — waking sleep-
ing folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie! Can’t you keep him still?
Wriggling off a body’s knee like a very eel;
Pulling at the cat’s ear as she gently hums —
Hey, Willie Winkie! — See, there he comes!

¹ Children.

MARGARET'S CONSCIENCE

con'science

brack'ets

med'dling

lead'en

temp ta'tion

re sult'

1. Many years ago the northern part of New York was one vast wilderness. In this wilderness, not far from the St. Lawrence River, stood a log house. In the house lived a little girl, who spent one long, unhappy day because she did not obey her conscience.

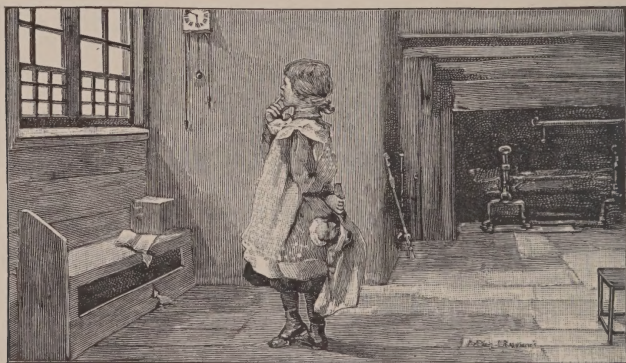
2. Little Margaret loved her home. She loved the great river beside it, and the meadows and orchards. But, better than anything else, she loved the old clock that stood in the living room.

3. Often, when the other children were playing in the sunshine, she would steal in and stand before it.

4. Her father had told her that if she would listen closely, she could hear what the clock said to her. She would be sure to hear it saying, "Do right, little girl; do right, do right."

5. It was in midsummer. The father and mother were away from home, and the children were left to take care of themselves and the house.

6. They soon grew tired of playing, and the older ones settled to their books. The two-year-old baby fell asleep on his blanket in the shade of the great maple tree. Then it was that Margaret took her station before the old clock, to watch it and hear it talk to her



7. The clock had no frame around it, no glass over its face. It stood on strong brackets that were fastened on the wall. The pendulum hung within easy reach of a small child's hands.

8. Margaret soon grew tired of looking at the clock. She began to think how much she should

like to take hold of the leaden cones fastened to the cords, and draw them down to see the weights go up.

9. She wondered why pulling those small weights down drew the large ones up. She thought she should like to touch the swinging pendulum.

10. She took one step nearer to the clock, and was startled by hearing it say, "Do right, little girl; do right; do right."

11. "I have n't done anything naughty, have I?" exclaimed the child, as she stepped back and looked up at the face of the clock.

12. Then she was sure she heard the clock say in a softer voice, "That's right, little girl; that's right; that's right."

13. If Margaret had only turned away from the temptation then, she would have saved herself a good many hours of unhappiness.

14. But she wanted very much to touch at least the shining ball of the pendulum.

15. She went close up to the clock, and put her hand upon the pendulum. It felt cold and

smooth. Then she wondered if she could make it swing a little faster.

16. She gave it a push, and was quite delighted with the result. She pushed it again, a little harder than before. But this time a dreadful thing happened.

17. With a sharp, quick sound, that seemed to Margaret like a cry of anger, the pendulum stood still. The silence that followed was awful to the child.

18. The clock stopped. She had never in her life known it to do such a thing. What could she do? How could she undo the thing that she had done?

19. Her conscience told her that she had known she was doing wrong all the time. Oh, how she wished she had let the clock alone!

20. The end of the long day brought the father and mother home.

The older children had learned that the clock had stopped, though they did not know the cause. They rushed out to tell what had happened.

21. "The clock stopped!" exclaimed the father in surprise. "That is very strange. Surely I wound it last evening. I have never forgotten it. Let me look at it."

Margaret was by his side, watching his face very closely.

22. "Very strange," he repeated. Then, as if a thought had suddenly struck him, he said, "I fear some one has been meddling."

23. Just then he looked down into Margaret's face. Guessing by the distress in it who the meddler was, he said kindly, "Was it you, Margaret?"

24. "Yes, father," she said, "I just touched it a little bit; I didn't mean to hurt it. Oh, father! Won't it ever tick any more?"

25. Her father saw how unhappy she was, and said gently: "You did very wrong. Though you did not mean to hurt it, you did mean to touch it; and you knew you ought not to do that."

26. Then he set the clock and started it, and it began ticking away as gravely as ever.

THE TRAVELS OF TWO FROGS—I

lo'tus	es pe'cial ly	in formed'	ex'tra
prov'erb	re solved'	in ten'tions	nap'kin
wal'let	spec'ta cles	crook'ed	cho'rus

1. In the good old days, long, long ago, there lived two frogs,—one in a well in Kioto, the other in a lotus pond at Ozaka.

2. It is a proverb in Japan that “the frog in the well knows not the great ocean.” The Kioto frog had so often heard this sneer that he resolved to go abroad and see the world, and especially “the great ocean.”

3. “I’ll see for myself,” said Mr. Frog, as he packed his wallet and wiped his spectacles, “what this great ocean is that they talk about. I don’t believe it is half so deep as my well, where I can see the stars even in the daylight.”

4. Mr. Frog informed his family of his intentions. Mrs. Frog wept a great deal; but, drying her eyes with her paper handkerchief, she tied up a little box full of boiled rice and snails for his journey, wrapped a silk napkin around it,

and, putting his extra clothes in a bundle, slung it on his back. Tying it over his neck, he seized his staff and was ready to go.

5. "Good-by," cried he, as with a tear in his eye he walked away.

"Good-by. Walk slowly," croaked Mrs. Frog and the whole family of young Frogs in a chorus.

6. Old Mr. Frog, being now out of his well and on dry land, noticed that the other animals did not leap but walked. Not wishing to be laughed at, he likewise began briskly walking upright on his hind legs.

7. Now it happened that about this time the frog of Ozaka had become restless and displeased with his life on the edge of the lotus ditch.

8. "Alas, alas! this is a dull life," said he. "If out of the mud can come the lovely lotus, why should n't a frog become a man?"

"If my son should travel abroad, and see the world — go to Kioto, for instance — why should n't he become as wise as anybody? I shall try it. I'll send my son on a journey."

THE TRAVELS OF TWO FROGS — II

cit'ies	oc curred'	con grat'u la ted
fol'ly	young'ster	wea'ri ness
gog'gle	im por'tance	ex chang'ing
propped	there up on'	com'pli ment

1. The old frog from Kioto and the young frog from Ozaka started each from his home at the same time. Nothing of importance occurred to either of them until they met on a hill halfway between the two cities.

2. "Good morning," said the young frog to the old frog, as he fell on all fours and bowed his head to the ground three times.

"Good day," replied the Kioto frog.

3. "I am Lord Bullfrog of Ozaka."

"Your lordship must be weary with your journey. I am Sir Frog from the Well of Kioto. I have started out to see the great ocean at Ozaka."

4. The truth is that the old frog was not only on his hind legs, but on his last legs too, when he stood up to look at Ozaka; while the young frog was tired enough to believe anything.

5. The old fellow, wiping his face, said: "Suppose we save ourselves the trouble of the journey. This hill is halfway between the two cities; and, while I see Ozaka and the sea, you can get a good view of Kioto."

"Happy thought!" said the Ozaka frog.



6. Then both reared themselves on their hind legs, and, stretching up on their toes, propped each other up, rolled their goggle eyes, and looked steadily, as they supposed, on the places which they wished to see.

7. As every one knows, a frog's eyes are in front when he is down and at his back when he stands up. Long and steadily they gazed,

until at last, their toes being tired, they came down again on all fours.

8. "I declare!" said the old frog, "Ozaka looks just like Kioto; and, as for the great ocean, I don't see any. I don't believe there is any great ocean."

9. "For my part," said the youngster, "I am satisfied that it's all folly to go farther; for Kioto is as like Ozaka as one grain of rice is like another."

10. Thereupon they congratulated themselves on the lucky plan by which they had escaped so much weariness and danger, and, after exchanging many compliments, took leave of each other.

Dropping again into a frog's hop, they leaped back in half the time, — the one to his well and the other to his ditch.

11. There each told the story of the cities looking exactly alike. To this day the frog in the well of Kioto knows nothing about the great ocean, and does not believe in it, and the frog in the ditch of Ozaka thinks all the world is exactly like his native city.

NANCY AND THE INDIANS

chim'ney	pew'ter	re lief'
sim'mer ing	raft'ers	pil'lion
dress'er	sun'di al	
shiv'er ing	ras'cals	

1. Nancy was getting dinner. In the broad fireplace there was a roaring fire. It sang in the big chimney and shut out the soft sound of driving snow.

2. A great bar, stretching from one side of the chimney to the other, held four or five pot-hooks. From these were swung the kettles in which the dinner was cooking.

3. In one kettle corn and beans were simmering together, high up above the blaze. A little lower down hung the meat pot with its boiling beef, while still lower danced and bubbled the plum-pudding.

4. There was little furniture in the room. Two wooden settles with high backs and hard, narrow seats stood before the fire. A square oak chest stood by the window, and on the other

side of the room was the dresser with its shining pewter dishes.

5. In the corner was the great spinning wheel; while the small one, used for spinning flax, stood nearer the fire. Nancy had been at work that very morning.

6. The low room with its heavy rafters was bare and cheerless, but to Nancy it was home, and she loved it. She sang happily as she worked, looking up now and then at the tall clock which her grandfather had sent from England only the week before.

7. "How fine it is to tell time without going out of doors!" said Nancy to herself. "The old sundial was better than nothing, but I don't see how we lived without a clock. Surely father and mother are very late. They must be blocked by the snow."

8. She went across the room and pressed her face against the tiny window pane, thick with frost.

"They're coming!" she said, with a little sigh of relief. "I see something black down the road. Father need n't have been so troubled to

leave me. I've kept house beautifully, if I am only eleven years old."

9. Nancy's mother had been spending the night with a sick neighbor. It seemed as if she had been gone a week.

10. "I don't like to leave you, child, even for an hour," Nancy's father had said to her as he mounted his old gray horse in the driving storm. Behind him was strapped the pillion, or cushion, on which his wife would ride coming home. "Don't go to the door if any one knocks. There may be rough folk about."

11. Then he kissed her and went down the path through the snow. That was nearly two hours before. Nancy was glad dinner was all ready for them.

12. Nancy laid the round table with the coarse linen cloth, and put the cups, wooden plates, salt-cellars, knives, and spoons in their places. There was not a fork in the house. She would not have known what to do with one, for this was more than two hundred years ago, and forks were used only in rich men's houses.

13. By and by, as she looked out of the window again, she shrank back in sudden terror. Coming up the path, and so near the house that she could see their painted faces, were four Indians in blankets and feathers.

14. What could she do? What was a simple wooden bolt against four cruel men? Nancy cast one frightened glance around the kitchen. Was there no way of escape? She thought of the oak chest, but she knew that she could not breathe under that great lid.

15. Her despairing eyes fell upon the tall clock. She sprang across the kitchen, pulled open the door, took off the heavy weights and staggered with them to the cupboard. Then she crept quickly into the hollow case and shut the door as closely as she could.

16. It was not a minute too soon. The Indians were already scraping the snow off the windows that they might look in. Then she heard them at the outer door.

17. It seemed to Nancy only a little while before they were in the room. She heard a

chest lid fall with a slam, and the door open into the inner room. The men were talking.

18. "Perhaps they are looking at the clock now," thought Nancy, shivering with fear. "I'm glad I'm so little. And I'm glad those two holes in the back let in some air. It's lucky father didn't put in the screws. Oh, I wish father were here!"

19. Suddenly there was a rush and a scramble outside, and a confused sound of "Whoa! Stand still, you rascals! Nancy! where are you? Father's here. Don't be afraid. Where is the child? If those thieves —"

20. And then, without a word of warning, out of the clock case tumbled Nancy in a little white heap. When she dared to open her eyes she was in her mother's arms. The Indians were gone.

21. "Is the dinner safe?" asked Nancy, sitting up very straight.

"Yes, my daughter," said her father gravely, "and so, thank God, are you."

SIR GALAHAD

jests	or'dered	ban'quet	mar'ble
hence	Cam'e lot	per'il ous	er'mine
shield	a maze'ment	mar'veled	

1. The knights of the Round Table were met together at Camelot, and Arthur had ordered his men to set on the banquet.

2. "Sir," said Sir Kay, "if you go now to meat, you will break the royal custom. Never have you dined at this high feast till you have seen some strange adventure."

"That is true," said the king. "My mind was full of other things."

3. As they were speaking, a man ran in, crying, "Sir king, I bring you news."

"What is the news?" said Arthur.

4. "Sir," said the man, "there is in the midst of the river a great stone floating upon the water, and in it there is set a sword."

"I will go and see it," said the king.

5. So all the knights went with him, and when they came to the river they found to their



amazement a great stone of red marble floating on the water.

6. In the stone a sword was set, and on the sword were these words:

“No one shall take me hence but the man by whose side I shall hang, and he shall be the best knight in the world.”

7. When the king read this, he turned to Lancelot and said, “Fair sir, this sword ought to be yours, for you are the best knight in all the world.”

8. But Lancelot answered sadly: “Surely, sir, it is not for me. I dare not touch it.”

9. Then stepped Sir Gawain forward and pulled at the sword, but could not move it. After him came Sir Percival; but no other knight was so hardy as to try.

10. “Now you may go to your feasting,” said Sir Kay, “for a strange adventure have you had.”

11. So all returned from the river, and every knight sat down in his own place and the high feast was begun.

12. All the hall was full of laughter and jests. Only the Seat Perilous was empty, and across the place where the name of the knight should be hung a silken veil.

13. Suddenly a wonderful thing happened. All the doors and windows of the great hall shut themselves and made thick darkness.

14. Presently there came a fair, soft light from the Seat Perilous and filled the place with its beams. Then was every man afraid, but King Arthur rose in his place.

15. "Lords and knights," said he, "have no fear, but be glad. Now I know that we shall see to-day him who may sit in the Seat Perilous."

16. While the king was speaking there came in an old man robed in white. He was leading a young man clad in red from top to toe, but without armor or shield, and wearing by his side an empty scabbard.

"You are welcome," said the king.

17. Then the old man put on the young knight a crimson robe trimmed with fine ermine, and took him by the hand and led him to the Seat Perilous.

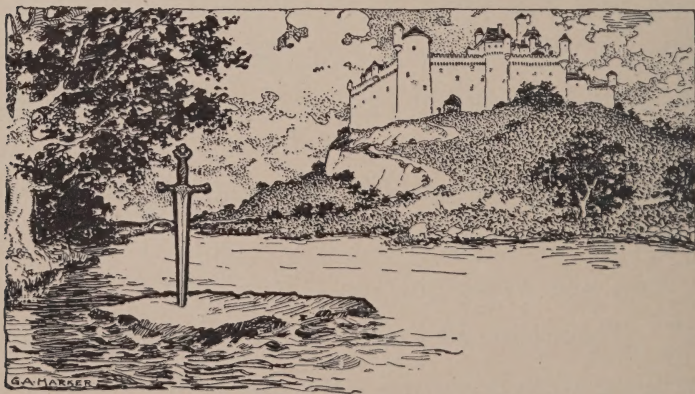
18. Lifting the silken veil, he read these words written in golden letters :

This is the seat of Sir Galahad, the good knight.

“Sir,” said the old man, “this place is thine.”

19. Sir Galahad sat down firmly and surely. Then every knight wondered greatly, for no living man had ever dared sit upon that seat but one, and him a flame had leaped forth and devoured.

20. And the knights marveled at Sir Galahad, and at his youth, and at his sitting there so surely in the Seat Perilous.



WORD LIST

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā as in fāte	ě as in mět	ő as in nőt	û as in fûr
ā " senāte	ē " hēr	ō " move	ü " rule
ă " făt	ê " thêre	o " wolf	u " pull
ä " ärm	ēē " feēt	ô " sôn	
a " all	ī " ice	ô " hôrse	ȳ " flȳ
á " ask	î " idea	oo " food	ÿ " babÿ
a " what	ï " it	oo " fōot	
â " câre	î " sîr		oi " boil
		û " ūse	oy " boy
ē " mēte	ō " old	û " ūnite	ou " out
ê " êvent	ô " ôbey	ü " ūp	ow " cow
c (unmarked) as in call		qu (= kw) as in quit	
ç " miçe		s (= z) " is	
ch (unmarked) " child		th (unmarked) " thin	
eh (= k) " sehool		th " then	
g (unmarked) " go		wh (= hw) " what	
ġ (= j) " câge		x (unmarked) " vex	
ng " ring		x̄ (= gz) " exact	
n̄ (= ng) " ink		z " zone	
ph (= f) " phantom			

All other unmarked consonants have their usual English sounds.

Certain vowels, as *a* and *e*, when obscured and turned toward the neutral sound, are marked thus, *ä*, *ê*, etc. Silent letters are italicized.

â broad'	ăd vĕn'tûre	â māze'ment	ăp prōach'
ăc'ô nīte	ăd vīsed'	Ā mēr'ī can	Ā rāeh'nē
ā'creş	ăf fōrd'	â mīdst'	Ār cā'dī a
(kēr)	Āf'rī cā	ān'ġels	ărch bīsh'op
ăc'tiōnş	ăft ěr nōon'	ăn'kleş	Ārc'tic
(sh)	â grēe'	â nōn'	â rīth'mē tic
ăc'tū al lÿ	ăir'y	ăn tĕn'næ	ăr'mÿ
â dăpt'ed	ăl'dĕr	(ē)	â rōşe'
ădd'ed	ăl'leÿ	ăn'vīl	ăr rānged'
ăd mīred'	ăl lowed'	ăp pĕar'	Ār'thūr
ăd vānce'			

à shōre'	bläck'en	Cāi'ūs	chōked
Ā'sī a _(sh)	blāz'ing	cālm'ly	ehō'rūs
ās tōn'ish ment	blæss'ing	Cām'ē lōt	ġir'cūs
Au'güst	blithe	cām'ē ra	ġit'leṣ
äunt	blüe'-eýed	cā nā'ry	clāimed
au'thor	bōar	cān'did	clām
au'tūmn	bōb'ō līnk	cān'dleṣ	clām'bēred
à wāk'ened	bōd'ī ly	cānst	clāt'tēr ing
ăx'le	boil'ēr	Cān'ter bur y	clēv'ēr ly
	Bō'rē ās	cā'pērs _(ē)	clīp
	Bōs'tōn	cāp'tive	clūm'sy
bālm'y	boughs	cāre'læss	clūtched
bān'nēr	boun'ty	cār'riage	cōld'næss
bān'quēt	bräck'ets	cās'tleṣ	cōl lēc'tiōn _(sh)
bār'gain _(ē)	brāid'ēd	cāt'ēr pīl lar	cōl'lēge
bār'leý cōrn	brāv'ēr y	ġeased	colorel _(cūr'nel)
bār'rēl	brēadth	ġease'læss ly	cōl'ūm bīne
bēams	brīl'liant _(y)	ġēil'ing	cōm'fort a ble
beaū'ty	brīsk'ly	ġēl'lar	cōm'mōn
bēck'oned	brīs'tleṣ	Ġē'rēṣ	cōm pān'ion _(y)
bē ġin'nīng	būc'kleṣ	chāf	cōm pās'siōn _(sh)
bē nēath'	būf'fa lōeṣ	chār'ġērṣ	cōm pēlled'
Bēn'nīng tōn	bū'gle	chār'ī ōt	cōm'plī mēt
Bēr ġēt'ta	būmp	cheēr'ī ly	cōn fūsed'
Bēt'ty	Būr goyne'	chēr'riēṣ	cōn grāt'ū lāt ēd
bē wāre'	buṣ'i'næss _(n)	chīm'neý	cōn'sciēnce _(sh)
bē yōnd'	būt'tēred	Chī nēṣe'	cōn tēt't'
bīg'ġēr		chīnks	
bīs'cuīt		chīṣ'ēl	
bläck'bēr ry	cāb'bāge	choiçe	

côn tĩn'ũed	daugh'tẽr	dȳed	ẽx chāng'ĩng
côn'trā rỹ	dāz'zĩng	dȳ'ĩng	ẽx ẵite'ment
côn trōl'	dẽ cĩd'ẽd		ẽx clāĩmed'
côn vẽr sā'tĩon	dẽ clāre'	ēa'gle	ẽx ĩst'ençe
côn vĩngẽ' ^(sh)	dẽ fraud'ẽd	ēar'lĩ ěr	ẽx pẽ'rĩ ençe
cōr'al	dẽl'ĩ cāte	ēar'nẽst lỹ	ẽx plōr'ĩng
coũr'tẽ oũs lỹ	dẽ lĩght'	ēarth'quāke	ẽx quĩ sĩte
cōve	dẽ mānds'	ēarth'worm	ẽx'tra
cow'ard lỹ	dẽpths	ēar'wĩg ^(ũ)	ey'rĩe ^(ā)
crāke	dẽ spĩsed'	ēeh'ō	fāĩl'ũre
crāsh'ĩng	dĩ rẽct'lỹ	Ēc'tor	fālse'hōod
cřĩm'son	dĩrt'ỹ	eĩght ^(ā)	fām'ĩne
crook'ẽd	dĩs ā grẽe'a ble	eĩght'ēen ^(ā)	fān'ẵỹ
crōss'lỹ	dĩs ās'trouĩs	ẽ lẽc trĩẵĩ tỹ	fēar'lẽss
crouched	dĩs coũr'āged	ẽl'ẽ gỹ	fēath'ẽr ỹ
crũshed	dĩs còv'ẽred	ẽm'blẽm	Fẽb'ru ā rỹ
cũek'ōo pĩnt	dĩs guĩse'	ẽm ploy'	feel'ẽrs
cũ'cũm bẽr	dĩs ō beyed' ^(ā)	ẽn chānt'ĩng	feel'ĩngs
cũn'nĩng	dĩs'tānce	ẽr'mĩne	fẽtch
cũ'rĩ oũs	dĩs trẽss'	ẽs cāpe	fĩ'nal lỹ
cũr'rants	dĩves	Ēs'kĩ mō	fĩre'wōod
cũrv'ĩng	dĩ vĩne'	ẽs pẽ'cial lỹ ^(sh)	fĩre'works
cũsh'ĩonĩ	doubt	ẽs tātes'	fĩrm ^(ũ)
cũs'tòm	down'ỹ	Ēt'na	fĩsh'ẽr mān
ẵỹl'ĩn dẽr	drẽss'ẽr	Eũ'rōpe	flāp'pĩng
ẵỹ'prẽss	drĩp'pĩng	ẽx āct'lỹ	flāsh'ẽs
dāĩ'lỹ	drĩv'ĩng-wheels	Ēx cāl'ĩ bũr	flāt'tẽr ỹ
dāĩ'rỹ	dũck'ĩng	ẽx'ẵẽl lẽnt	flẽd
dāshed	dũr'ĩng		flẽet

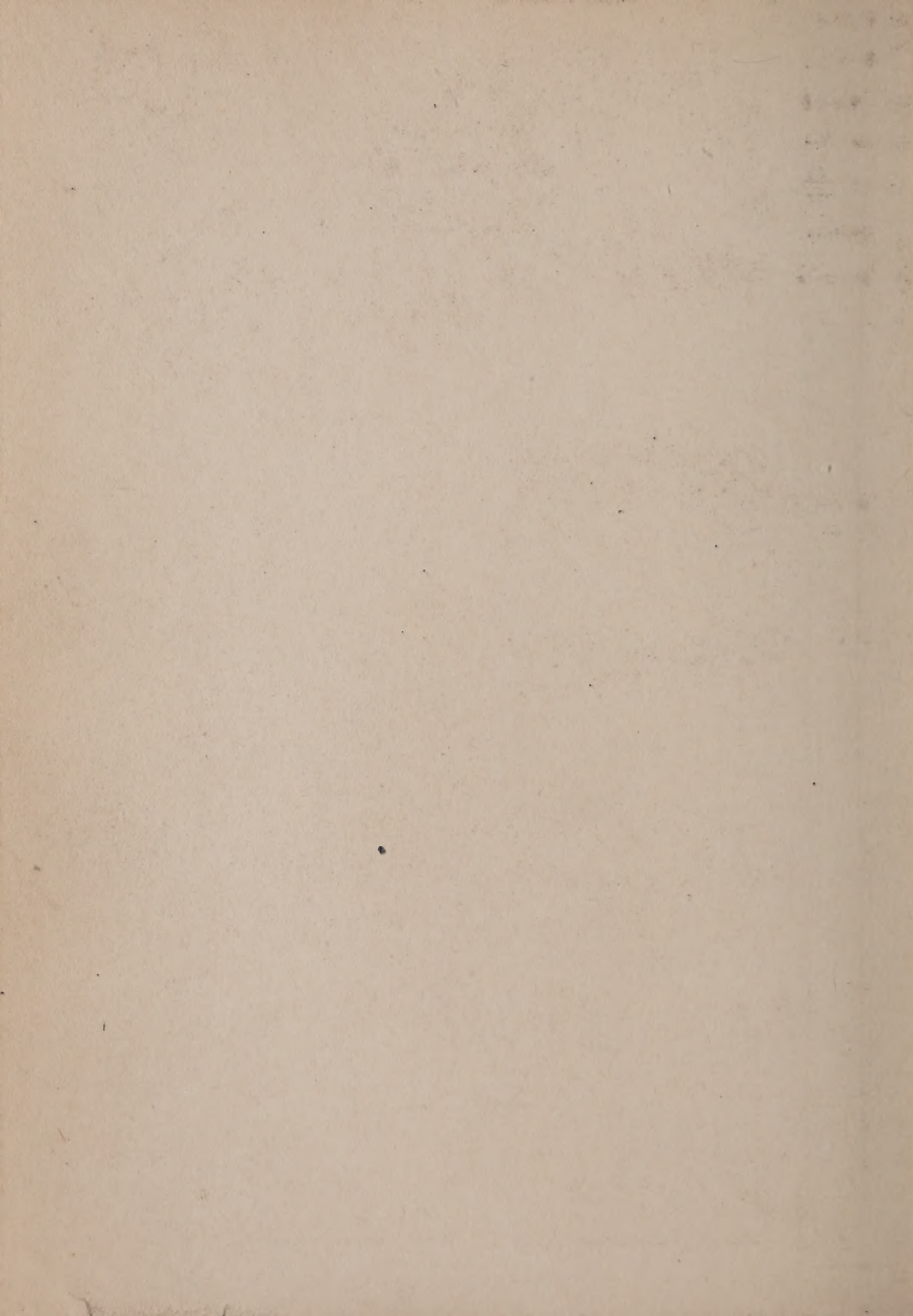
fūe	glīd'əd	hēnçe	īm pā'tient ^(sh)
flūsh	glīs'tened	hēr'mīt	īmp'ish
fōl'lŷ	glō'rī oūs	hēr'rōeŷ	īm pōr'tançe
fōrçe	gōd'děss	Hēs'pē rūš	īm prōv'ing
fōrçe	gōg'gle	hewn ^(ū)	īn clīned'
fōr gēt'ting	gōōd-nā'tūred lŷ	Hī ā wā'thā	īn fōrmed'
fōr gīv'en	Gōr'gō	Hīns'dāle	īn'sect
fōr gōt'ten	grāçe'ful	Hīp pō'nāx	īn'stançe
fōr'tū nāte	grāsped	hīs'tō rŷ	īn'stant lŷ
fōr'tūne	grāve'lŷ	hoist	īn tēnd'əd
foun'tainŷ	grāy'ish	hōl'ī dāy	īn tēn'tionŷ ^(sh)
frā'grant	grēas'ŷ	hōl'lōw	īn tēr rūpt'əd
frēe'dōm	grēet'əd	hō rī'zōn	īn vād'əd
Frēnch	grīz'zlīeŷ	hōr'ror	Īre'land
Frī'dāy	grūnt'əd	hō tēl'	Ī tāl'ian ^(ŷ)
frown	guīd'əd	how ēv'ēr	
frō'zen		hūgged	jāg'gēd
Ful'tōn	Hā'dēŷ	hū'man	Jāp ā nēŷe'
fūr'nī tūre	hāil'ing	hūm'blŷ	jārŷ
fū'tūre	hāl lōa'	hū'mor	jēsť
	hām'mōck	hūshed	jew'el ^(ū)
Gāl'ā hād	hān'd'kēr chīef	hūs'kŷ	jew'eled ^(ū)
gār'den ēr	hār'bor	Hŷ'lāx	Jō ān'
gāsp'ing	hārd'lŷ	ī dē'ā	Jōve
gauze	Hār'ū	īdlŷ	joy'oūs
Ga'wāin	hār'vēst	īm āg ī nā'tion ^(sh)	jūiçe
gāy'ēst	hās'tened	īm mēnsel'	jūt'ting
gīn'gēr	hāťch'ēt	īm mōr'tal	
glāde	hēad'lōng		
glēamŷ	hēaved		

kēep'ēr	lō'tūs	mīlk'wēed	ō bē'dī ent lŷ
kēlp	lōw'lands	Mī nēr'va	ōb ject' (verb)
kēt'tle	loy'al	mīr'rōr	ō blīge'
kīng'dòm	lūck'ŷ	mōcked	ōc cūrred'
knight	lūs'ciōs	mō lās'sēs	ōf'fēred
	(sh)	mōr'rōw	ō'gre (gēr)
lād'dīe'	māid'en	mōr'sēl	ōld-fāsh'ioned
lād'en	Māine	mō'tiōn	ōn'ion
Lān'cē lōt	mān'hōod	(sh)	(y)
lān'guāge	mār'ble	mount'ēd	ōp'pō ſite
(w)	mārch'ēs	mōurned	ōr'dēred
lās'sō	mārsh mā'rŷ	mūd'dŷ	
lāugh'tēr	mār'vēled	mūs'cles	pād'dle
(f)	Mās sā chū'setts	mūt'ton	pāl'āge
Lāw'rence	māss'ŷ	mūz'zle	pāl'ette
lā'zī lŷ	mēad'ōw	nāp'kīn	pān'thēr
lēad'en	mēan'tīme	nār'rōw	pā rād'ēd
lēaned	mēd'dlīng	nā'tūre	pār tīc'ū lar
lēath'ēr	mēl'ōn	nēck'tīe	pās'sāge
lēdge	mēm'bērs	ne'er (nār)	pā'tience
Lē'ōn	mēn'tiōn	nīb'bled	(sh)
lēv'ēl	(sh)	nīche	pāt'tērns
lī'brā rŷ	mēr'çī lēss	nīm'ble	Pau'son
light'house	mēs'sāge	nīne'tēen	pēaled
light'nīng	mēs'sēn gēr	nō'ble mān	pē cān'-nūts
līn'nēt	mēt'al	noīse'lēss	pēlt'īng
līq'uid	Mēx'ī cān	nō'tīced	pēn'dū lūm
lōb'stēr	mīd'dle sīzed	nō'tiōn	Pēr'çī val
lō cō mō'tīve	mīdst	(sh)	pēr'il ōus
lōl'īng	mīght'ī ēr	nŷmphs	pēr mīs'siōn
Lōn'dōn			(sh)

pē tī'tiōn (sh)	prē'ciōŭs (sh)	rāi'ſiŋſ	rīp'en ĩng
Pē'trō	prēs'ençe	rāp'id lŷ	rōad'wāy
pew'tēr (ū)	prēs'ent lŷ	rāre'lŷ	rōar'ing
phō'tō graphs	prē tēnd'	rās'calſ	rōb'bīng
pī ā'nō	prē vēnt'	rās p' bēr rŷ	Rōb'in sōn Cru'sōe
pī āz'za	prey (ā)	rēared	Rōſ'a mōnd
pīl'liōn (y)	prīn'çēss	rē çēive'	roy'al
pī'lōt	prīs'on ěrſ	rē çite'	ru'ined
pīs'tōn	prō fēs'sor	rēck'on	sāc'rī fīçe
pīt'ē oŭs	prōpped	rēeds	sād'dle-bōw
plāin'lŷ	Prō sēr'pī nā	rē frāin'	St. Paul
plāne	proved	rē fūſe'	sā'mīte
plānk	prōv'erb	reign (ā)	sāt'is fīed
plān tā'tiōn (sh)	pru'dent	rein'deer (ā)	Sāt'ūr dāy
plūcked	pud'dīng	sau'çŷ	sāv'ingſ
plūm'āge	pūn'ished	rē joīçe'	scāb'bard
plūmed	pūp'pīſ	rē liēf'	scām'pēred
Plū'tō	pūrse	rē mārka' a ble	scārf
pō'ēt rŷ	pūz'zled	rē mōves'	sehōōn'ēr
pōme'grān āte	quar'rēl ĩng	rē pēat'ēd	scōld'ing
pōſ ſēs'siōn (sh)	quēs'tiōn (ch)	rē ſōlved'	scōrn'ful lŷ
pōs'sī ble	Quīck'fōōt	rē ſūlt'	scōrnſ
pō tā'tō	quīv'ēr ĩng	rē trāçe'	scrām'bled
pow'dēred	quōth	rē trēat'	scrāpe
pow'ēr		rē wārd'	scrēams
prāte	rāft'ērſ	Rey'nard (ā)	screws (ŷ)
prāyers	rāg'gēd	rīb'bōn	scrūbbēd

sē'crēt	sīx'tēen	stäg'gēr	swal'lōwed
sēiz'ēs	sīx'tŷ	stāłks	sweet'brī ěr
sēl'dóm	skīmmēd	stāred	swōops
sēlf'īsh	slēn'dēr	stārve	
sēlf'sāme	slīpped	stāte'ly	tānk
sē rēne'	slōp'ing	stēad'ied	tēl'ē phōnēs
sēr'pēnts	slūg	stēad'ī ly	tēm'plēs
sēt'tle	snāpped	stēam'bōat	tēmt
sēv'en tŷ	snārl	stēam'ērs	tēmp tā'tiōn ^(sh)
sēv'ēr al	snātched	stēep'ēst	tēn'dēr
sew'ing	snīpped	stīll'nēss	tēr'rōr
^(ō) shād'ōw	snūffed	stīlts	thānk'fūl nēss
shāved	sōaks	stītch'ēs	thēre ūp ōn'
shīēld	sō'bēr	stōck'ings	thīck'ened
shīrk	sōl'diēr ⁽ⁱ⁾	stōre'house	thīck'ēt
shīv'ēr ing	sōl'ēmn ly	strāight'ened	thīm'ble
shoēs	Sōl'ō mōn	strāin	thīr'tēen
shōul'dērs	sōme'bōd ŷ	strān'gērs	thīr'tŷ
show'ēr ŷ	Spān'īsh	strēngth	thrōng
shrūnk	spēar	strētch'ēs	thrōw'ing
shūd'dēr	spēc'tā clēs	strewn ^(u)	thrūsh
shŷ'ly	splēn'dīd	strūg'glīng	thrūst
sīgn	splēn'dōr	sūb'jēcts	tīm'id
sīg'nāl	spoiled	sūc'cēed'	tīnt'ēd
sī'lēnce	spongē	sug'ar ^(sh)	tīp'tōe
sīm'mēr ing	sprites	sūit	tīre'sōme
sīn'gle	squal	sūn'dī al	tīs'sūe ^(sh)
sīnk'ing	squēaked	sūrf	tōast'ēd
sīpped	squīre	sūr veyed' ^(a)	toil'ing

tōothed	ũn ēaṣ'ĩ lŷ	vōl cā'nō	wīck'ēd
tōp'pled	ũn tēr'rĩ fīed		wīcks
tow'ēl	ũn trōd'den	wad'dled	wīl'dēr nēss
trāĩṣ	ũp'stāĩrṣ	wāĩled	wīld'lŷ
trēaṣ'ũred	ũt'tēred	wāĩst	wīṣ'dòm
trē mēn'doũs		wāke'ful	wīth a'
troōp'ēr	vēl'vēt	wal'lēt	wom'an hōōd
troōp'īng	vēn'tũred	wal'nũts	(u)
trōt'tēd	vēr'dũre	warmth	would'n't
trũn'dle-bēd	Vē sũ'vĩ ũs	warn'īng	wrēck
trũs tēēs'	vēt'ēr anṣ	wēak'nēss	wrēch'ēd
tũft	vēxed	wēanṣ	wrīg'glīng
tũ'mũlt	Vīc tō'rĩ a	wēa'rĩ nēss	wrīsts
Tũr'key	vīl'lāge	weight	writ'ten
twī'līght	vī'ō lēts	(ā)	yēlled
twīne	vī'siōn	whīrled	yēl'lōw īsh
	(zh)	whīsked	yēs'tēr dāy
ũn cāred'-fōr	vīṣ'ĩts	whīs'pēred	yoũng'stēr





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